

The European Tour

The European Tour

BY

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"Belgium," etc.



NEW YORK

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

1899

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University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

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The European Tour



CHAPTER I

THE USE OF EUROPE

YOUNG man, *go to Europe!*

It is not without due reflection that I venture thus to reverse the geographical direction of a famous saying. Horace Greeley requires revision. As America now stands, I believe by far the most valuable *education* a young man can obtain is *a European trip*, undertaken during the years most often devoted to a college course. It costs no more; it may even cost less; and I make bold to say it is immeasurably more educative.

If I were a European born, indeed, I would not have the audacity thus to address the American public. Readers might suspect me of that celebrated "condescension observable in foreigners" on which Lowell insisted. But I speak from experience. I am myself a brand plucked from the

burning. Born and bred on the American continent, I came to Europe as a very young man ; I have lived here now for over thirty years ; and I have slowly learnt how to appreciate its educational advantages. Allowing that America is the best country in which to be born, I still maintain that Europe is the best country in which to get *a year's education*.

I do not mean a year spent at school or college. I do not even mean a year of strenuous and conscientious sight-seeing, undertaken solely with an eye to edification. I mean *a year of travel*, enjoyment, observation ; a year of free use of lungs and limbs ; a year of pleasant touring through beautiful country and beautiful cities. The best learning of all is the learning we acquire without ever knowing it. Mugging up a subject, cramming for an examination — these are the ways to undermine and destroy our interest in knowledge. Going about the world, to amuse ourselves, with our eyes open, — that is the way to preserve and enlarge it. For everything depends upon the enjoyment we receive. Nothing makes impressions so vivid as pleasure. Just as it is better exercise to play base-ball, cricket, foot-ball, lawn-tennis, to row, to ride, to swim, to climb mountains, than to drill in a prison yard or to walk up and down a

measured mile in Central Park, so it is better education to visit the Louvre, Notre-Dame, Venice, Munich, Athens, than to grub up Greek roots with a dictionary and grammar. Let the other education come afterwards, if you like; but gain first a living interest in the languages, the literatures, the history of Europe by delightful tours through the lands that produced them.

Nor do I intend this solemn advice for paradox. I utter it as serious practical reasoning. You are a father, let me suppose, and you are thinking of sending your son to college. *Why to college?* Now, sit down and argue it out with yourself like a man — which will be really the best for him in the end? Will he learn more that is ultimately useful to him in life by spending three years over *dead languages* which he never fully masters, and for which he can have no personal use hereafter — or by travelling from a year to eighteen months in Europe; seeing England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland; storing his mind with knowledge of art, knowledge of history, knowledge of geography, knowledge of human nature; gaining an insight into the manner of thought, of speech, of life, and of industry among the *living peoples* who have contributed to build up the population, the laws, and the institutions of his own country? I say un-

hesitatingly, the latter. One year in the great university we call Europe will teach him more than three at Yale or Columbia. And what it teaches him will be real, vivid, practical, abiding; a part of himself thenceforth; flesh of his flesh, and blood of his blood; ingrained in the very fibre of his brain and thought; an inalienable possession to carry through life with him. He will read deeper meaning thenceforward in every picture, every building, every book, every newspaper; he will have put himself in touch with the earlier phases of human thought and craft in every one of their manifold departments.

Only two obstacles, I believe, have prevented everybody in America from recognising long since that a year in Europe ought to be an indispensable part of every young American's liberal education.

The *first* obstacle is the long-surviving Puritan idea — equally rife in England — that *knowledge*, to be solid and useful, must be *laboriously, painfully*, and almost *unwillingly acquired* — that what is learned with ease, with enjoyment, with delight, almost unconsciously to the learner, cannot be really valuable. Learning is taken as a sort of penance; in the sweat of his brow, people think, must man till the field of knowledge. The exact opposite, I believe, is the actual truth; only what is

learned with joy and spontaneously, ever really and deeply benefits the learner. "No profit comes where is no pleasure ta'en," says the poet: "Study what you most affect" is sound wisdom as well as good poetry. Few men remember in middle life any of the beggarly stock of Greek and Latin they acquired for the moment at school or college. Why? Because they never cared for it; therefore they never really learned it. They cribbed it up for the moment, with the aid of a Bohn's translation, to pass an examination or gain a degree; and as soon as that was done, they gladly forgot it all. How different is the knowledge one has drunk in with pleasure in examining some stately cathedral, some exquisite temple, some fresco of Fra Angelico's, some relief from the perfect chisel of Pheidias! Those things and the knowledge of them live with one forever. You don't *try* to remember them. You *could n't* forget them.

The *second* obstacle is the good old belief, still more or less current, that "a European education" *unfits* a young man *for life in America* — gives him ideas and sympathies out of harmony with those of the mass of his fellow-countrymen. I believe there is some grain of truth in this prejudice, if by "a European education" is meant an education at Oxford or Heidelberg. I don't think European

universities afford the best training for a man who has to earn his living by commerce or finance in the United States or Canada. But a real "European education" is quite another matter — the sort of education that is got by seeing Europe — the education of which Europe itself is the main factor. To graduate in that great school is easy and pleasant. Wherever a man is going to live and work, however a man is going to earn his livelihood, it can do him nothing but good to have seen and understood London, Paris, Vienna; to have learnt how men built at Cologne and at Oxford; to have realised how men painted at San Marco in Florence or at the Hospital at Bruges; to have beheld the Roman Forum and the Athenian Acropolis; to have stood beside the Pyramids — which are Europe enough for my purpose — and to have walked with a torch through the pictured Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. All *that* is education ten thousand times better than one can get out of books; and the American can only obtain it in perfection by European travel.

By far *the best* and truest teachers are the eyes. Books substitute for them *the ears*, and even the ears but symbolically. The current misapprehension about what constitutes a good education dates back to the days when travel was difficult, danger-

ous, and expensive, — when men had to be content with book-knowledge about most subjects of human interest. At the present day that misapprehension persists unduly, out of accord with our times; it has lived on into an age when travel is cheap, safe, and comfortable, and when first-hand knowledge is easier and pleasanter to acquire than second-hand. Yet we insist upon setting our young men to puzzle out Homer and Herodotus, who are to them mere names, when half an hour spent intelligently among the Parthenon sculptures at the British Museum would give them a more real and vivid interest in Hellas and the Hellenes than months of poring over irregular verbs or the uses of the optative. Moreover, if once you have learned to love and sympathise with Hellenic art, you are already more than half a Hellene; the language, the poetry, the history of Hellas will become easy and simple to you, because you *want* to know them: you will study them now with enthusiasm and pleasure, out of pure desire to understand and appreciate the beautiful things that have begun by interesting you. I well remember a striking remark which a lady once made to me at Venice — “History seems to be *real* here.”

History seems to be *real*! That is the true secret of the great good of travel. Till you go

to see the tombs of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy at Bruges, you have probably never troubled your head for one moment about the existence and fate of the Burgundian duchy. But as soon as you have seen those exquisite monuments, you cannot help reading about them; and when you go on to Dijon, you put two and two together; or when you see the Burgundian statues in the Renaissance sculpture gallery at the Louvre, you build up your knowledge, piecing this and that; till, little by little, without an effort on your part, you find that what was once a vast unconscious blank has filled itself up everywhere with facts and instances. You begin to understand and know your Burgundy; it has wrought itself into your brain by many twining strands which cannot ever again be lightly untwisted.

Furthermore, one of the surviving absurdities of our existing system of education is the ridiculous importance still attached to the acquisition of *languages*. A great many people speak as if knowledge of tongues were the highest conceivable form of knowledge. "Such a very accomplished girl!" they say: "why, she can speak three languages!" The fallacy is due to the traditional notion that Latin and Greek constitute "a liberal education." That notion was natural enough in the sixteenth

ccentury, when most knowledge had still to be dug out of *books*, and when books were mainly written in the dead languages. It is absurd at the present day, when knowledge is chiefly to be gained by contact with *things*, and when all useful works are written in or translated into the various vernaculars. Yet so strangely does the old idea persist that most people, when they talk of abandoning Greek and Latin as the basis of education, think of "modern languages" as the only tenable alternative. As though you could get any more education out of existing French or existing German than out of the early speech of Greece and of Italy!

I am not prejudiced against *the academic system*. I certainly am not opposed to it from sheer ignorance. To guard against misapprehension on this score, I will even venture to add that I am an Oxford graduate, a first-class-man in classics, and that I was for several years of my life a classical master in English public schools, and a Professor of Classics in a colonial college. Therefore I hope I do not speak with the mere jealousy of the unlearned, who think slightingly of arts they have not themselves acquired. But my own experience has been that all that was valuable in my education began *after* I had left the University. It is *from things*, not *from words*, that one may learn most of

what is truly useful. If a professor wants to teach young men natural history or anatomy, does he make them read books? Not a bit of it. He takes them out into the fields, and sets them to collect and observe for themselves the various plants and flowers in all their stages. He puts them to watch the developing leaf, the opening petals; to note how the stamens stand, and how insects disperse the fertilising pollen. He gets them to catch and examine bees and butterflies, to cut them up so as to observe their internal structure under the microscope, and to learn at first hand by actual inspection how the creatures are built up, in head and limb and organs and integuments. That is the source of all real knowledge. Books may be used concurrently, no doubt, as useful helps to accurate observation; but those books themselves are at best but registers of previous careful and exceptionally fortunate observations. Their use is to *supplement*, not to *supersede*, *individual inspection*. Science is but the record of things seen and noted.

So too with chemistry and geology. We do not set the beginner to read books, books, books. We turn him into *a laboratory*, with test-tubes and blow-pipes, to find out for himself the composition of substances; or into the fields with a hammer, to determine for himself the structure of rocks, and

to note their dip, their tilt, their weathering, their sculpture. Books are useful in their place, of course, to help him on his way; to direct his attention to what others have observed; and to point out the most fruitful methods of personal investigation. But at best they are *guides to knowledge*, not knowledge itself. They show you where to look, that you may see and understand; they are finger-posts which point you the road to the museum, not the actual museum and all its contents.

Now, *travel* holds the same position with regard to mankind, its history, its industry, its arts, its organisation, as laboratory work holds to chemistry, field work to geology, and dissection to biology. If you want to know and understand the world of men, you must go and see it. If you want to know the origin of the art of building, the art of painting, the art of sculpture, as you find them to-day in contemporary America, you must look them up in the churches and the galleries of early Europe. If you want to know the origin of American institutions, American law, American thought, and American language, you must go to England; you must go farther still to France, Italy, Hellas, and the Orient. Our whole life is bound up with Greece and Rome, with Egypt and

Assyria. In this connection, I would say, there are certain lands which have a *first claim* upon the American, and also on the modern western European — the lands which lie in the direct line of ancestry of our own civilisation. To see these is the first duty we owe to our own culture. If we care at all for our intellectual development, we ought at least to make a strenuous effort to visit them. China and Japan do *not* belong to our world — do not form links in the immediate genetic chain of European and American civilisation. Algeria and Russia, Norway and Denmark, hardly enter into it. Even Spain is rather a backwater on the course (to vary the metaphor) than an integral portion of the main stream. But England, France, Italy, Constantinople, Greece, Assyria, Egypt — I name them in inverse order, like one looking backward over the history of development — do so belong to the direct line of our culture: and some acquaintance at any rate with all these lands, or at least with their ancient arts and monuments, is of the highest value as part of a truly liberal education.

Sight will teach one much more about them all than *mere language*. Gibson the sculptor knew no Greek; but he was a far truer Hellenist than half the graduates of Harvard or of Oxford. I have met enthusiastic archæologists who had merely

picked up what Latin they knew from deciphering inscriptions, but who were nevertheless scholars to put to shame most of our college-bred students. We can learn more of what Greeks really thought and felt by a few visits to the sculpture at the British Museum than by hours of poring over Æschylus and Aristophanes. Not that I under-rate the value of the last, — for the few who really possess the linguistic faculty. But as a rule, only about five per cent of our college-bred lads ever really learn and assimilate enough Greek to feel they understand and enter into Hellenic thought; while a schoolgirl who speaks no tongue but English can easily be made to read the meaning of the Æginetan marbles in the Pinakothek at Munich. Or, to take another and still more unequivocal example. No one has yet deciphered the ancient Etruscan language. Nobody can do himself much good by reading even so admirable a work as Dennis's *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* by his own fireside, without objects at hand for reference and identification. Such knowledge as that is mere false knowledge, — like the knowledge of chemistry or of botany obtained from books, and as soon forgotten as read. But go to Volterra, and stand among cyclopean Etruscan walls; go to Assisi, and descend into the tombs of the Etruscan

Volumnii; go to Tarquinii, and roam through painted Etruscan chambers of death—and you must feel you have entered into the very soul of Etruria. Then read Dennis, if you will, by the side of the objects he describes and deciphers for you; and you will realise at once how vastly more his words now mean to you. It is "*the specimen that teaches*," as we say in biology; the book merely interprets.

Well, in the sciences which deal with external nature, such as chemistry, geology, zoölogy, physics, everybody in America is thoroughly aware of the need for *the direct method of observation and experiment*. But because America is a comparatively new country, lying remote from the origins and remains of early art, early architecture, early institutions, early history, the need and value of the direct method of observation in *the sciences which deal with man* and his products is not quite always equally well recognised. And even when it is recognised, the recognition is too often in a narrow specialist sense; the investigator goes to inspect a particular object for a particular purpose. He wants to discover. American scholars have done great and splendid work in this way, as, for example, in Greece. But what I plead for here is more general recognition of *the educational value of*

travel at large, apart from *research* in the more special sense of the word. I plead that, just as a general acquaintance with literature is expected of educated men, so should be a general acquaintance with countries and their contents. I plead that young men, instead of receiving their whole education within a single country — the United States — and that a country unequalled for the relative uniformity and homogeneity of its system over a vast area — should be sent regularly to travel for at least six months in Europe (a year is better, and two years still more excellent), so as to familiarise them with the origins of their own world and their own institutions, to give them the wholesome mental shock of a complete reversal of many preconceived opinions. If it is good for a young man to read Shakespeare and Dante, Virgil and Sophocles, it is better for him to have lived in the actual world from which Shakespeare and Dante, Virgil and Sophocles drew all their inspiration. Only Florence can teach you fully to understand the *Divina Commedia*; only Athens can teach you fully to understand the *Ajax* and the *Electra*.

It is to *the young man*, therefore, and to the young man's father, that I specially address myself in this chapter. I want him to consider whether a year in Europe is not better spent than

a year (shall we say?) at Cornell or Princeton. Let him do the one, by all means; but let him not leave the other undone. To have seen Europe is a very great gain; and, whatever comes, it cannot be taken away from him. He may fail in business, but he has the memory of the Grand Canal and the Doges' Palace; he may get encrusted in clogging wealth and overwhelmed with affairs, but he has beheld the great Van Eyck at Ghent, and gazed in the face of the Sistine Madonna at Dresden; he may gain the whole world and lose his own soul — his higher nature — on the Stock Exchange, but he will be haunted still by Donatello's St. George, and redeemed at times by the floating form of Michael Angelo's David. So once more I say it, "Young man, go to Europe!"

As for *the elder members of families*, and also for the women, I have no need to exhort them. Every American hopes, of course, some day, to see the world across the Atlantic. What I want to do here is to point out the advisability of making the trip while still young, if possible, as *an element in education*: it is the spiritual importance of the European tour that especially appeals to me. Not that I mean to advise its being done in any *doctrinaire* fashion. Go about as if *to amuse yourself*; you will pick up by the way quite as much knowledge

as is easily assimilable. Grubbing and grinding means overfeeding the brain. I once asked my friend, Mr. Herbert Spencer how it came about that a man who had thought so much and so deeply as he, should have no wrinkles on his forehead at over seventy. "George Eliot asked me that," he said with a smile; "and I answered at once, 'I suppose it is because I never worried over anything. I let my thinking come of itself. Never in my life did I sit down deliberately to get up a subject. I read, observed, and thought, when I liked and where I liked, and allowed my ideas to frame themselves naturally.'"

The result is that Mr. Spencer knows more at this moment than anybody else in the whole world; simply because all his knowledge has come to him *spontaneously* and vividly. I may further add that he does *not* know the letters of the Greek alphabet — and, as far as I can judge, manages to get on very well without them.

And now I have finished with the educational value of the European tour, and will not again recur to that serious subject. I'm not going to bore you. *The rest of my book* will be more *practical* in character, consisting of advice for persons of *all ages and both sexes* on what I have found it best worth while to see, and on how to set about seeing it to the greatest advantage. I want to throw out

hints for a tour in Europe ; and I feel myself the better able to perform this delicate task because I have wasted a great deal of good time myself in seeing the wrong things, or seeing the right ones badly and in the worst order ; so, having learned by my mistakes the more excellent way, I am prepared to impart my knowledge to others for a moderate sum — the price, that is to say, of this little volume.

CHAPTER II

WHAT PARTS OF EUROPE TO VISIT

THE use of Europe, then, we are agreed, is that Americans should employ it as a means of culture. Other incidental uses it may possess, of course — for Europeans; as a place to make a living in, to love, to die for. But these are unessential. Its true purpose in the scheme of nature is clearly for you and me to enjoy ourselves in, without prejudice to a little concomitant instruction. At least, I shall say so to my American readers.

This point being taken for granted at the outset, the question which next arises is somewhat more serious, — *what parts of Europe are best worth visiting?*

In the nature of things, it may be safely asserted, *England* is the land which possesses the greatest intrinsic claim upon the attention of Americans. In the nature of things, only, I say; for, as will be seen hereafter, I do not mean to advise that any large proportion of a moderate visit should be

devoted to England. The reasons in favour of seeing England are indeed obvious. Englishmen were the first great colonising body in the United States ; and though I believe the amount and proportion of the English blood in America is usually overestimated (as against Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Cornish, French, Dutch, German, and so forth), it must at least be allowed that England has given the Union its language, its laws, its political institutions, its prevailing feeling. Therefore the American who visits Europe with some desire to know and learn as well as merely to enjoy himself, will naturally wish to see something of England. In many cases he traces back his ancestry more or less certainly to an English family. Even if he comes of Dutch or French or German parentage, the history of England is still part of the history of the institutions under which he lives. The literature of England is the literature with which his childhood has been most familiar. Stratford-on-Avon and Salisbury are to him a sort of sentimental Mecca. More than Englishmen even he often feels the glamour of England, for he has not always been familiar with its antiquity and its beauty, to which mere use and wont have frequently dulled the senses of Englishmen. If you have lived from childhood beside a Norman church

of the twelfth century, you naturally accept Norman churches with as little enquiry as the New Englander accepts his own place of worship; but if you have never before beheld one, its antique arches come upon you with a burst of surprise and æsthetic gratification.

Literature and association, indeed, can thus gild for us even the commonest and vulgarest objects. I once crossed the Atlantic from New York with an eager young Pennsylvanian, who came to Europe prepared to be interested in everything he saw, including even the first glimpse of grimy Liverpool. At Lime Street station we had a few minutes to spare before taking the train to London; and we strolled into the Refreshment Room, to consider whether it would be possible for us to swallow any of the goods provided for our appetite. I gazed at the uninviting wares on the counter with a familiar sinking. "The only thing one could venture to eat," I said at last, "is a pork pie." "Pork pie?" the young Pennsylvanian exclaimed with delight. "Oh, *do* let me see them! Why, one reads about them in Dickens!"

Allowing, then, that many natural reasons exist why the American who visits Europe should desire to pass *some time in England*, I will go on to say why I think that time should be *cut down* as a

rule to a much smaller proportion than has of late been usual. To put it very briefly, the chief reason why the American need not trouble himself long about England is simply this — that *he knows it almost all already*. The very facts I have mentioned above implicitly suggest this idea. England to-day is so like America, America is so largely derived from or based upon England, that the visitor finds little which is fresh and interesting to him, little that is unfamiliar, little that is instructive. He is still, on the whole, *at home* — in an older, a quainter, a more picturesque home, with fewer modern conveniences and the occasional outcrop of some delightful anachronism; but still, taking it all round, at home, as the Kentuckian considers himself at home in Ohio, or the Bostonian considers himself at home in San Francisco. He has not got away from our common Englishry.

Another reason is that England for the most part is horribly *modernised*. Especially is this the case with London, which most Americans take as their sample of England. Now London is not an old town at all as it stands — it is as modern, indeed, as New York or Boston — much more modern than Quebec or New Orleans. There was once an old London, it is true, a picturesque

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mediæval city ; but it was almost entirely destroyed by the Great Fire in the reign of Charles II. ; and though a few earlier buildings still survive as by miracle — such as St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield — yet the town as a whole dates back at best but to the eighteenth century, while most of it is frankly of the last two decades. I allow that the neighbouring city of Westminster, now partially united with London, retains some relics of the fabric of its ancient abbey, stripped of its sculpture and decorations at the Reformation, and scraped and cleaned out of all recognition in the present generation by the sacrilegious vagaries of so-called “restorers.” But, looking at it in the lump, *London* is almost as *brand-new* as Chicago ; it contains little or nothing of historical and antiquarian interest, and of local origin, to delay the tourist. Its collections of Greek sculpture, of Italian pictures, and of Egyptian, Assyrian, or Babylonian antiquities, however, brought from elsewhere, stand on quite a different plane ; I shall discuss the importance and interest of these in the special chapter devoted to the things really worth seeing in England.

On such grounds, then, and on many others which will become more apparent in subsequent chapters, I do *not advise any long stay* in England.

I recommend the tourist rather to get forward as fast as he can to *Continental countries*, which possess three greater claims upon his intelligent interest — let alone the fact that they are vastly more entertaining, for England is *not* an amusing country to stop in. In the *first* place, the Continent is more novel — contains more to surprise, to interest, and to teach the traveller. In the *second* place, it is older ; the ancient buildings, the historical aspect of things, have not been so completely overlaid by mere modern industrialism, by hotels and warehouses, as in all parts of Britain. In the *third* place, it tells you more about the origin of things ; goes further into the past ; has deeper developmental and evolutionary value. For these three reasons, and others, I think it desirable to spend a relatively small time in England, with a relatively long time in France, Germany, the Low Countries, and, above all, Italy.

Moreover — and this is an important point too often overlooked — I think the tourist ought to take *England last*, not first, in his trip through Europe. He should finish off with London, instead of beginning there. And my reason for saying so is this. By far the most interesting things to see in London — almost the only interesting things, indeed — are the collections it contains of origin other than English. Now, the begin-

nings of these things are best studied elsewhere — either in the lands whence they came or in Continental museums. London, in a word, possesses few native attractions, but extremely rich and valuable collections; and these are scratch collections, groups of objects mostly brought from elsewhere, a little haphazard, and only truly to be appraised and appreciated after you have made some study of greater collections elsewhere. An individual example will enforce my meaning. The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square contains in some respects a fine collection of early Italian and Flemish pictures. But you can only really understand those pictures after you have travelled in Italy and Flanders. The specimens in London are too few in number, too isolated in type, to permit of real comprehension or thorough enjoyment. After you have seen Borgognone at the Certosa di Pavia, indeed, you can appreciate the beautiful Borgognone of the Two St. Catherines in Trafalgar Square; after you have seen Mantegna at Paris, Milan, Florence, and Mantua, you can discover what he is driving at on the walls in London. But in isolation, — no! Nobody ever understands Italian art till he has travelled in Italy; nobody ever enters into Flemish art till he has viewed the Memlings at Bruges, the Van Eycks at Ghent, the

Dierick Bouts at Brussels, and the Quentin Matsyses at Antwerp.

I should advise therefore (and I will afterwards explain more fully why), that the tourist should spend not more than *a fortnight* or three weeks in *England* at the *beginning* of his tour, and should return to London for a similar period or somewhat less before going back to America. And I shall endeavor to point out to him briefly what objects he ought to see on either visit, and why it is desirable for him to see them in this order. He may think at first he is being trotted about like a child; I would say in reply, "No; you are being shown by one who has learnt through his own mistakes what order is most likely to *unfold Europe to you* in a comprehensible, enjoyable, enlightening fashion." I am telling you how to make the best use of your time, not indeed in the common guide-book sense of rushing you blindly through as many things as possible in a given period, so that you may go home and boast of having "done" them, but in the deeper sense of taking you round on *a definite plan*, so that at the end of your trip you may have *enjoyed* yourself thoroughly, and yet *learned and digested* as much as was possible. If you will put yourself in my hands, I will not treat you irrationally, but will tell you at each step *why* I think it

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best for you to see things in just this particular succession.

I will also add here by anticipation that I would advise the first visit to England (usually undertaken in spring, when the country is at its best) to be spent mainly in visiting *the country towns*, and very little in seeing London; while the capital itself, with its immense collections, should be mainly relegated to the final visit. In this way you will begin by seeing England, not London; and it is England, rural England, the England of Shakespeare and of the Pilgrim Fathers, the England of cathedrals, castles, country towns, and great houses, that is at once most unlike and most near America. Most unlike, because it contains the England of the past; most near, because it is the England from which America started. This beautiful England of Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Salisbury, Exeter, Lichfield, this England of broad parks and stately manor-houses, of ruined abbeys, slow-flowing rivers, smooth-swarded farms, and ivy-clad castles, is at its best in May and June, which are also the most propitious moments for beginning an extended tour in Europe. On the other hand, the squalid modern industrialism of London may be left till any time — it is most characteristically squalid and gloomy in late autumn; while its mag-

nificent though confusingly varied collections are visited to best advantage *after* rather than *before* a trip to the Continent.

Do I then recommend the now fashionable route, from America to the Mediterranean, beginning at *Genoa*? Emphatically, no! That seems to me the worst possible order in which an American can first visit Europe. If he knows Italy already, well and good; but if this is his trial trip, he should avoid Genoa. In the first place, he should be let down gently; instead of that, the route I indicate plunges him at once into the midst of the dirt and discomfort of the Mediterranean. In the second place, he goes on as a rule from Genoa to Milan, Venice, or Florence, and is at once bewildered by the unfamiliarity of the new world of art into whose midst he is pitchforked, and spoiled for appreciation of northern art immediately afterward. Paradoxical as it may sound to say so, the best way to work at history teaching by examples is *to work backward*. Hence the good old plan of coming *first to Liverpool or Southampton*, and then trending south by England, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, is undoubtably the best one. In this way you dig back through the relatively familiar Renaissance and Gothic architecture of England and France, and the relatively comprehen-

sible painting and sculpture of the Low Countries and the Rhine, to Venice and Florence, and finally to ancient Rome, still more ancient Athens, and very ancient Egypt. You proceed by degrees from the known to the unknown; you trace your own familiar arts and crafts and buildings backward, till you see them emerge at last from primitive barbarism.

England first, then — a brief visit to England, chiefly to the country, to be hereafter more particularised — and next to England, *France*, more especially *Paris*. At least four weeks should be given to this tour — much more if possible. I do not, however, advise that the tourist who designs to spend only from six months to a year in Europe should endeavour to see France as a whole. He had better take Amiens, or Rouen, or both, on his way from London to Paris — a single night at either would just do, but two nights are better; and then confine himself to the capital itself, with its immediate neighbourhood. If he has plenty of time, however, he might also undertake a short tour on the Loire, visiting Orléans, Blois, Tours, and Angers, and returning to Paris *via* Le Mans and Chartres. The only other places in France which I think it worth his while to visit (unless he is making a very extended stay in Europe), are

Rheims, Laon, and Dijon, any of which can be conveniently taken on the road to Switzerland. Full information as to what to see in Paris, and how to see it to the best advantage, is given in the little work entitled PARIS, in my series of HISTORICAL GUIDES.

France should certainly come first after England. But, second, I would place, without hesitation, *the cities of Belgium*. Indeed, in intrinsic historic importance, they rank even higher than Paris. The traveller, however, should not go direct from Paris to Brussels, which is a very bad order; he should take the four great towns in the due succession of Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp. Full information about what to see in each of these towns will be found in the volume of this series devoted to THE CITIES OF BELGIUM. It must be borne in mind that the Low Countries were the first great trading and manufacturing district in the Middle Ages; their civilisation is *older and deeper* than that of England or France; and they rank second after Italy in artistic importance. It is, of course, open to the tourist to go straight from London to Bruges, taking Paris later; but I recommend rather the route sketched out above. It is less direct, I admit, but it is far more instructive.

Belgium, again, is immeasurably more important

than *Holland*, which latter country, indeed, hardly calls for a visit on any ground save that of its often rather tedious paintings. But it is so easily visited after Belgium, and can be fairly well seen in so very short a time, that it is a pity not to include it in a comprehensive plan for visiting Europe. Remember, the interest of *Belgium* is almost entirely *mediæval*; the interest of *Holland* belongs mainly to the *seventeenth and eighteenth centuries*. Belgium is beautiful; Holland is at best merely quaint and picturesque. Belgium has every form of art in high perfection; its architecture is sublime; its painting is faultless. Holland has little architecture save of a bricky sort; and its painting belongs almost entirely to the late type of Rembrandt, which appeals to artists and connoisseurs, but not to the general picture-lover. The little collection of Memlings in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges (one of the great sights of Europe) deserves longer study, in my opinion, than the whole of Holland put together. Therefore I would say, if possible, devote three weeks or so to the towns of Belgium, and see Holland in a few days afterwards.

The order of *the Dutch tour* is prescribed for you by nature. Go direct from Antwerp to the Hague — Rotterdam need not detain you. Three days

should be ample for seeing the Hague, Delft, and Scheveningen, all of which lie within a few miles of one another. Then give a day each to Leyden and Haarlem; three days to Amsterdam; and so back to Brussels.

Next in order of evolution comes the beautiful *Rhine country* — the part of Germany earliest civilised under Charlemagne, and the highroad by which the culture of the Latin south slowly wedged itself into the solid mass of Teutonic barbarism. You are now getting gradually back to Romewards. London is modern; Paris is more ancient; the Low Countries represent pure mediævalism; on the Rhine you first touch the connecting link of the old *Frankish Empire*, which carries on the Roman civilisation into modern Europe. Here you must stop first at Aix-la-Chapelle, to see Charlemagne's own church, in which he was buried, and whose plan he took from the Roman buildings of the decadence, in particular San Vitale at Ravenna. Thence you will go on to Cologne; and from Cologne, up the Rhine towards Switzerland and Italy.

You may loiter as long as you like on the way, of course, among the delightful Rhine towns, and at Bâle, Lucerne, Interlaken, and so forth; but I do not recommend you before going to *Italy* to

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turn aside from your path to visit Nuremberg and Germany in general; certainly *not* to Berlin, Dresden, or Munich. The reason for this I will explain further on. It is taking things in a palpably wrong order. Indeed, I believe it will be best to push on for Milan straight from Cologne — not at one burst, of course (for that were to miss the scenery), but by gradual stages. Say, spend a day or two on the Rhine — make it a week if you like; then, a night at Bâle, a night at Lucerne; take the steamer up the Lake; and go rejoicing over the Gotthard, the most beautiful railway journey in the world, past the Italian Lakes, to Milan. And there — you are in *Italy*!

Italy, and what comes after Italy, we must consider hereafter. It will suffice to say in this chapter that Italy is *the goal*; and that, after Italy, you will understand everything else by the light of what you have learned in the “cities of the soul” — Venice, Rome, and Florence.

Briefly, then, I would say; given *a year* — *a month* of it in *England*; of which, a fortnight in the country at the start, and another fortnight in London at the finish. After that, *a month* in *Paris*; with a week later on, as you return from Italy. Next, *a month* (more or less) in *Belgium* and *Holland*. *A week* or so in the *Rhineland*. And

finally, *Italy!* For Italy, a month or *six weeks* at first in *Florence*; then, a *month* in *Venice*; after that, as long as you can spare in *Rome*; with perhaps a brief visit to Naples. Those seen, please yourself. Let it be Sicily, Greece, and Egypt, if you like; or let it be a return by Verona, Meran, Innsbruck, and Munich, to the Nuremberg group, Dresden, and Berlin. But *Italy above all things* — Italy, Italy, Italy!

I have justified my book if I succeed in making you feel that *Italy is the key* by which you may unlock the secret of Europe.

CHAPTER III

THE HASTY VISITOR

“**B**UT not every one can afford so long a time to see Europe in. I am *a busy man*; I want to go right through, and pick out the kernel of it all in *six weeks*. What advice have you to give me?”

My dear Sir, none. Frankly, I do not write for such as you. You ought to *make* time in which to afford yourself *this valuable education*. It is not my fault if you persist in rejecting so great salvation. Still, I will do my best for you, promising that *if*, by hook or crook, you can manage it, three months is four times as good as six weeks, and half a year four times as good as three months, — arithmetic to the contrary notwithstanding.

Well, grant you can take only six weeks; then, use your time carefully to the best advantage. Don't try to see much — which is throwing away your money; *see a little*, and see it, not thoroughly (for that is impossible within your limits), but to the best advantage under such disadvantages. If

in six weeks you intend to see London, Paris, Brussels, Switzerland, the Rhine, Germany, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Naples, with perhaps a flying trip in your spare moments to Athens or Algiers — my book is not for you. I cannot help you. And indeed, you *need* no help, save a railway time-table. You can dash on by yourself, through thick and thin, like John Gilpin, and go home with the proud consciousness of having “done Europe.” I write rather for that growing mass of your countrymen and countrywomen who wish to use their tour *as a means of culture*, and desire rather to see something well than to see everything hastily.

“But is n’t it better that I should get some rough idea of what England, France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland are driving at, than that I should go home having seen just *one corner of Europe*?”

My dear Sir, this is a matter of taste and of your own wishes. If you would like to behold with your bodily eyes the mere outside of many towns, the visible life of many nations, that is a natural and by no means unmeritorious desire, with which I do not presume to interfere in any way. I only mean to say, you need *no guidance*. That sort of trip is plain and obvious. The capitals

and the great cities form its natural objectives; and when you reach them, you will not easily miss the things you most require to see in them. Cathedrals and palaces do not require to be sought out with a microscope. You can't go out in London without discovering the Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, Westminster Abbey, the Thames Embankment, St. Paul's, Regent Street, and the Empire Theatre. You can't go out in Paris without stumbling at once against the Louvre, Notre-Dame, the Boulevards, the Rue de Rivoli, the Opera House, the Champs-Élysées, the world, the flesh, and the devil in general; and you will find no need for a formal introduction. At Florence you won't require to be told by an intelligent bystander which is the Duomo; at Venice you will make straight by instinct for the Piazza of St. Mark's; at Rome you can readily discover the Forum, the Colosseum, St. Peter's, and the Vatican, by the light of nature, without an opera-glass. Such surface-knowledge of Europe is no doubt a great deal better than no knowledge at all — it gives you at least a mental picture. But *it requires no guide-book*. You go where you will, and you see what pleases you.

Let us suppose, however, you are a traveller whose time is really limited by necessity, and that

you wish to spend *six weeks to good purpose* in seeing Europe. Then I say to you emphatically, *don't* try to see much; be content with long journeys and a reasonable time in the few places you select. And I would divide your time thus: a day or so in England; a week in Paris; then on by night train to Bâle, and cross the Gotthard by daylight to Milan; one day in Milan; a week in Venice; and all the rest of your available holiday in Florence. Don't on any account try to see Rome and Naples. Be content with having gained a first impression of *the pick of Europe*.

I said, too, a day or so in England. Those few days, if you are wise, you will devote to the country — about which, more hereafter. But if you *must* see London, give it two days, and spend them on the mere exterior of the town — the walk along the Embankment, the outside of the Parliament Houses, a glimpse of Hyde Park, an omnibus trip into the City. You can also visit Westminster Abbey, without and within; but I do not recommend a mere perfunctory walk through the vast labyrinthine halls of the British Museum, the South Kensington Collections, or the National Gallery. Those can only be seen to any advantage if you have a much more extended time at your disposal. Far better confine your artistic studies to the

Louvre at Paris, the Brera in Milan, and the great collections in Venice and Florence, where you can learn more each day than in a week in London. Waste no time on second-rate things when you can employ it usefully on those of the very first order.

In one word, what I advise for the hasty (but not the hurried) traveller is this. *Do not spend* your six weeks *thus*: a day in Liverpool; three days in London; a night at Amiens; three days in Paris; a day in Brussels; a day in Antwerp; a day in Cologne; two days on the Rhine; a day in Lucerne; three days in seeing the Bernese Oberland; a day at Milan; a day in Verona; two days in Venice; a day in Bologna — and so on till you are sick of it. Concentrate your energies on *one or two places*, and learn what they are driving at. You will get lasting good in this way out of even a poor six weeks; and if you can ever manage to come again, you will begin where you left off, with redoubled interest.

CHAPTER IV

ENGLAND : THE COUNTRY

IT will be seen from what I have said that I regard *England* as in some respects the *least important of European countries* for Americans to visit. Reasonably, I think. It is too much like home; has too little of novelty. Nevertheless, a few weeks in England are valuable in their way, as giving some insight into the older world from which that of America is most largely derived, and as introducing the visitor to sites and places already familiar to him by name and historical association.

I cannot, however, too often repeat that in England it is *the country*, not the towns (save the smallest), that deserve close attention. The American, coming from a land where the great towns are everything, and the country for the most part a mere agricultural reservoir, naturally thinks that he will find the best things in Europe in the great cities. "We have country enough, and beautiful country, at home," my American friends

often say to me ; “ but we have not the works of art the great cities can show us.” That is true for Europe generally ; it is not quite so true for England in particular. I do not indeed advise the visitor to spend much, if any, of his time in exploring Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Scotch Highlands, the Welsh hills ; still less in tramping through the Hartz, the Black Forest, the Ardennes, the Carpathians. They will show him little he could not find in Maine or Massachusetts. If he goes to Italy, he should see Florence and Venice, not the Apennines and the Abruzzi ; he may visit Perugia, Siena, Orvieto, Cortona, perched “ like eagle’s nests ” on their upland crags, but need not trouble to waste his valuable time over mere hills and valleys. The portion of the Italian country that falls inevitably under his eye on the outskirts of the great towns or during the journeys between them will amply suffice to afford him a fair mental picture of the vineyards, orchards, and gardens of Italy. But in England it is far otherwise. The towns are uninteresting, modern, and industrial ; it is the country that is antique, distinctive, and beautiful.

And when I say the country, I do not mean to use the word in the purely rustic sense, as applied to the agricultural land, but in that wider accep-

tation, familiar to Englishmen, which calls everything "the country" that is *not London*. London itself is dull, gloomy, foggy, unpoetical. (I shall have more to say hereafter in partial modification of this sweeping disparagement.) As to the very large trading and manufacturing towns — the towns whose names are best known to Americans — they are almost all quite destitute of æsthetic or historical attractions for the tourist. There is nothing, outside business, to detain any stranger in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Leicester, or Nottingham; still less in the naval and military towns, like Chatham and Portsmouth, or in such grisly seaports as Southampton, Hull, and Cardiff. What is really most beautiful and noteworthy in England is to be found in the *smaller historical towns*, like Chester and Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon and Winchester, and more particularly in the cathedral cities, foremost among which I would certainly place Salisbury, Lincoln, Peterborough, Ely, York, and Canterbury.

Furthermore, it is not only these smaller towns themselves, but the *fields and farms and parks and houses* around them that are typically English. Other countries in Europe can easily surpass England in every other respect; France has nobler churches; the Rhineland grander and more roman-

tic castles; the cities of Flanders have quainter streets and more exquisite town-halls; Italy has painting and sculpture and architecture and minor arts in infinitely greater profusion. But what England has of distinctive and unapproachable is beyond cavil its country; its close-cropped lawns, its immemorial rook-haunted elms, its hedges of hawthorn, its garden-like meadows, its village steeples embowered in trees, its Elizabethan manor-houses, its sweet air of ancient peace, its clinging mantle of ivy. The very dampness of the climate adds a picturesqueness of greenery to its mediæval ruins; the wealth of its landed families has preserved for its fields a charming interspersal of august timber and a paternal care for rustic beauty hardly dreamt of elsewhere.

I would say, then, to the American traveller, make your first acquaintance with Europe *in the country in England*.

If you *land at Liverpool*, two places lie easily on your way to London, which the common consent of Americans has justly picked out as well worthy of your attention. The first is *Chester*, reached by rail in about forty minutes from Liverpool. This is such a charming town that if you take my advice you will go on there direct, without stopping at all in Liverpool itself, so as to spend your

first night in England at Chester. (You may take it for granted that at all places I mention there are first-class hotels, unless I say to the contrary.) Chester is still more or less surrounded by its ancient walls, and is remarkable for its numerous old half-timbered houses, built in a style peculiar to the place, and affording room for what are called "The Rows" — an institution quite unknown elsewhere. In the principal streets, the ground floor of the houses is occupied by shops; but the first floor (or second story) is entirely removed, so as to form an arcade, along which the foot-passenger walks, as in a covered gallery. As Chester has also a cathedral (though a small and unimportant one), it is a capital place in which to form a first impression of England.

The second point on the way to London from Liverpool is the group of towns about *Warwick and Leamington*. The hotel accommodation is better at the last-mentioned; and as the two towns lie quite close to one another (almost touching on their outskirts), it does not much matter which of the two you choose as your stopping-place. They are about three hours by rail from Liverpool, and may also be easily reached from Chester. The Great Western route runs through prettier and more characteristic scenery than the London and

North Western. A couple of nights are quite enough for Chester ; but three or four days will not suffice to exhaust the interest and beauty of the Warwick neighbourhood.

In the first place, there is *Warwick town* itself, with its quaint old streets and its antique air ; and then, there is *Warwick Castle*, one of the noblest mediæval fortresses in England, almost unique among buildings of its size and age in being still inhabited. The great pile itself and the river at the base form one of the most beautiful little pictures in England ; within, the combination of smooth English sword and modern occupation (it is the home of Lord Warwick) with the frowning fierceness of the Plantagenet architecture is curiously attractive. The town itself is rich in early domestic architecture, and has two of its ancient gates, with oratories above their archways ; while the superb Beauchamp Chapel in St. Mary's Church is a magnificent monument of late Gothic art. But to my mind the most charming thing near Warwick is the *footpath across the fields* from Leamington, — a true English footpath, leading through lush meadows near the river-side, and bringing you suddenly in sight of *Guy's Cliff House*, an Elizabethan mansion in a most romantic situation, high perched on a crag, and looking down

into a pool beside an ancient mill-stream. The whole combination is delicious. I once took two American girls for a walk across that path, after a European tour of some duration, the day before they were to sail for America; and as they reached Guy's Cliff they turned to my wife and exclaimed, "Why, up till now we have never *seen* England!" Better see it first than last, without wasting so much time on it.

From Leamington as a centre, many other most interesting spots may be visited. It is a short drive to the ruins of *Kenilworth Castle*, which shows such a building in its ruined condition as *Warwick* shows it still repaired and inhabited. Then *Coventry* is not far, with its glorious churches, better reached by the charming shady road than by rail; and *Stratford-on-Avon* is a short day's excursion — *Stratford-on-Avon*, with its sweet spire and its old-world air, only spoiled for the tourist by the perpetual intrusion of that ineffable bore, William Shakespeare. By which I mean only that *Stratford*, which is well worth visiting on its own account, is too obtrusively pervaded by cheap memorials of its one great citizen. If you go by road, instead of taking the train, you pass *Charlcote Lucy*, where fallow deer still graze, and get a further good picture of this true rural England.

You will understand, of course, that I am here engaged merely in giving hints, and that you will need on the spot a local guide-book. I may perhaps undertake one in time for this English tour; meanwhile, *Murray's Guides* may be confidently recommended.

Tourists from Liverpool who have stopped either at Leamington or Chester can break their journey Londonwards once more at *Oxford*. And indeed, whatever route you adopt, from whatever port of entry, you must sooner or later turn up in the University city. Oxford is *the one thing in England* which no American who values his soul should leave unseen on whatever consideration. It is unique in the world, like Venice. London you may see or not, as you please; but you *must* see Oxford. You cannot forego it. Indeed, I have spent my life in inducing Americans to go to Oxford; and I never knew one who did not thank me for sending him there.

To Oxford you must go, then, sooner or later. Its magnificent group of *colleges* and of university buildings is unequalled in the world; their beauty is as remarkable as their historical interest. If you can afford the time, three or four days should be devoted to Oxford; Murray's Guide will tell you well what to see; but there is also an admir-

able little handbook by Mr. Goldwin Smith, less formal and more informing. The most important sights are Magdalen, Christ Church, New College, and Oriel; but filial affection compels me to add that my own college, Merton, has a beautiful chapel and a very ancient library; while St. John's, Jesus, and Wadham also possess some charming features. You should not omit to take a turn round Christ Church Meadows nor to row down the river for the sight of the boats, with their many-hued occupants, and the barges by the side, ranged in rows as club-houses along the bank of the Isis. This curious picture of English aristocratic youth has no parallel elsewhere (except at Cambridge). If possible, you should visit it during the *summer term* — that is to say in May or June. Before July the colleges have “gone down,” and you will see but the empty shell of the great university.

No visitor to Oxford should forget to row down to Iffley, in order to land and see *Iffley church* — a little Norman gem, forming, with its churchyard, old yew, and river, an indelible impression.

Those who can spare the time should certainly go from Oxford to London by row-boat, at least as far as Maidenhead, whence rail in an hour. *The Thames* affords a delicious picture of the

ancient river-valley civilisation of England; it was long the main highway of trade and pleasure, and its banks were fringed by a constant succession of abbeys, convents, and castles, now mostly dismantled, ruined, or modernised. Still, the views are characteristically English; the country is itself an artificial product, with its hedges and copses; and here and there the visitor comes upon such remains of mediævalism as the gateway of Abingdon Abbey, the beautiful monastery church at Dorchester, the Abbey ruins at Reading, the ivy-covered remains of Medmenham Priory, the stately tower of Bisham Abbey, converted into a modern mansion, with its adjoining dower-house, and many other bits of charming English architecture. Besides, the banks are everywhere lined with lawns and mansions of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, affording typical glimpses of the aristocratic rural life of England. It must be borne in mind that while in America wealth congregates in great towns, in England the rich have only an unimportant street house in London, but live in the country, spending much time and thought on the beautification of their estates; so that whoever wishes really to understand England must go where the English people have produced their chief and most successful work of art—the

English country. Boats can be hired from Salter at Oxford.

If you have not time for this entire trip, then I strongly recommend you to run down from London for the day to *Maidenhead* — it is an hour's journey, and the best day to see the *river life* in full swing is Sunday. Take a ticket to Taplow station; then walk to Maidenhead Bridge, where hire a boat and row up stream at least as far as Cookham; if possible, as Marlow. In this way you will catch a sight of the estate of Cliveden, lately bought from the Duke of Westminster by Mr. W. W. Astor, as well as of the highly characteristic village of Cookham; if you continue to Marlow, you can also take in Bisham Abbey, with the surrounding buildings, which strike a keynote in English scenery.

So much for the route *via* Liverpool. If you land at *Southampton*, the most accessible objects of the first importance on your route are *Winchester* and *Salisbury*. Both are well worth visiting.

Winchester lies on the direct route to London, and has a cathedral, not quite of the first rank, but exceedingly interesting. It has also one of the great English public schools, of mediæval date — a “public school” in England meaning one for the upper classes, not a “common school,” which is

known as a Board School. The mediæval charity of St. Cross is likewise well worth a visit; and the town as a whole is an admirable specimen of the sleepy ancient cathedral cities of England. One night will suffice to see hastily all there is to see; and when I say one night, I always mean to imply that portions of the day before and after it must be devoted to sight-seeing. Murray's Guide contains a good account of this fine old town, which under the later Saxon kings was for a couple of centuries or more the capital of England.

Salisbury lies a little on one side of the direct route to London, but may be reached in an hour; the way thence is by a main line, with frequent fast trains; indeed, you will find everywhere in England many trains a day at all convenient hours. Salisbury is a town of the first importance, from the point of view of the tourist. Its exquisite *cathedral*, standing alone in its smooth green close, forms the most perfect example of the English ideal in this direction. Its architecture, though much marred by modern scraping and tinkering, (like almost everything else in England), is still lovely and impressive; its tone of feeling is unsurpassed anywhere. Besides the cathedral, the town itself is quaint and old-fashioned; the domestic architecture is interesting; and some of the old

gates which shut off the Cathedral Close from the rest of the city are still standing. Then *Stonehenge*, the most gigantic prehistoric monument in the world, lies within reach of an easy drive; and if you can afford two or three days here, you can spend them pleasantly at Wilton, Amesbury, and other towns of the neighbourhood. Only by thus devoting some time to the country towns can you hope to enter into *the inner heart of England*.

Those who land at Southampton, as well as those who land at Liverpool, must not neglect *Oxford*, the one inevitable sight in England. It can be reached from London direct in an hour and a half; the railway runs in part along the Thames, and affords glimpses at times of Windsor Castle. *Third-class carriages* on English railways are cheap and comfortable: anybody can travel by them.

For those who are not satisfied with these hasty glimpses of English life, I will mention in addition a few other places well worth a visit. And first, *near London* itself. *Canterbury* cathedral is one of the finest and certainly the most historical of our old churches; it is the site of the earliest English bishopric, and it still retains many pious memorials of the murdered archbishop, Thomas à Becket. It may be hastily seen in one day from London, returning the same night; but I recommend

rather a night at Canterbury. *Rochester*, which you pass on your way, has a tolerable cathedral and a Norman castle; they form a picturesque group as seen from the railway, but I do not recommend a visit; their beauty has been choked by the engulfing squalor of the modern military town of Chatham. As a rule, each diocese in England answers to an old English kingdom, or to one of its divisions; Kent, the kingdom of Athelwulf, the first Christian convert, has two cathedrals, — Canterbury for the East Kentings, who were mainly Teutonic, and Rochester for the West Kentings, of mixed Teutonic and Celtic ancestry. I merely mention this fact in passing, as one of the little historical points which often cast so vivid a sidelight upon European arrangements. *Cambridge* can also be visited with ease from London. As a whole, it is far less beautiful and picturesque than Oxford; but it has one building, King's College Chapel, more perfect in its way than any one building at the sister university; and one *coup d'œil*, the view from "The Backs," which cannot be equalled as a town prospect anywhere in Britain. If you visit Cambridge, you must sleep there at least a couple of nights; and then you can run over to *Ely*—a few minutes by rail—and see one of the noblest of English cathedrals, with

an interior nowhere surpassed for richness and magnificence.

Scotland is *not* a part of England ; and to include it under the same heading is to bring down upon one's devoted head the lasting wrath of four millions of Scotsmen. Still, from the practical point of view of the American tourist, the two parts of Great Britain may fairly be run into one ; and I will therefore venture to add here (at the risk of my life) a few hints on travel in the northern region. Those visitors who land at Liverpool or who sail for Glasgow direct may find it desirable to go at once to Scotland. If so, they should first make straight for *Edinburgh*. The capital of Scotland is not unique in the world, like Oxford and Venice ; but it is unique in Britain. It is the one old city on the island which possesses both natural and artificial beauty. The Castle, St. Giles's, Holyrood Palace, Holyrood Abbey, the steep streets of the Old Town, the picturesque front of Princes Street, all combine to give it a rare union of advantages. And while you are in Edinburgh you should not omit a visit to *Rosslyn Chapel*, perhaps the most remarkable and satisfying piece of architecture in all Scotland.

Most visitors, however, will doubtless proceed to Scotland from London. For these, it is possible to break the journey at three points at least of

singular interest. All three lie on the Great Northern Railway. *Peterborough* is only an hour from "town" — "town" meaning to all Englishmen London; it has a magnificent cathedral, which however will be spoilt for the tourist for some years to come by the scaffolding of the destroyers commonly described as "restorers." *York* is the most convenient point at which to break the journey; and York Minster ranks high in beauty among English cathedrals. The town itself, too, the capital of Roman Britain, still retains most of its mediæval walls and gates; while its ancient streets are full of delightful and quaint old houses. It is well worth seeing. But if you mean to stop at only one place on the way to Edinburgh, by all means let that place be *Durham*. Here alone in England do you get the great cathedral and the prince-bishop's castle perched side by side on a defensible rock, as in the Rhine country and Switzerland; the ecclesiastical chief was also a temporal ruler, and his army repelled the attacks of the raiding Scotsmen. The position of the vast cathedral on a lofty crag overlooking the river is extremely picturesque; the solid Norman grandeur and gloominess of its interior live with one ever after. The Galilee or western porch is perhaps the loveliest bit of detail in England. A small

university now occupies the buildings of the bishop's castle. As a whole, I know of no town better adapted to put the visitor back at one glance into the England of the early Middle Ages.

Do not stop anywhere else between London and Edinburgh; but read up the route, which is striking in parts, in any good guide-book. The Great Northern line in my judgment is far superior for the tourist to the Midland or the London and North Western.

In *Scotland*, I do not recommend the passing traveller to do more than attempt one of two main routes. The first, a short one, gives him a glimpse of the Highlands, and is known as the *Trossachs route*. It can be fairly done in one long day from Edinburgh. Go by rail to Callender or Aberfoyle (I recommend the former); thence take coach to the Trossachs; from that point go by steamer on *Loch Katrine* to Stronachlachar; coach to Inversnaid; steamer on *Loch Lomond* to Tarbet; rail to Glasgow or Edinburgh. I advise rather sleeping at Glasgow (St. Enoch's Hotel, very well managed). This tour may, if preferred, be made in the opposite direction; or if you like, you can start from Glasgow and return to Edinburgh. The trains, boats, and coaches correspond in both directions. The trip thus described consists almost entirely of

mere scenery; but it is characteristic, and 'gives glimpses of a few old castles and of some very marked sides of Scotch life and country.

The other trip is longer, and requires three or four days at least to accomplish. It is generally known as the *Caledonian Canal route*. This excursion is best done as follows. Start from Glasgow, where you have slept on your return from the Trossachs excursion; the steamboat leaves unpleasantly early; you can dodge it by taking the first train to Greenock, and embarking there, which saves you the comparatively dull run down the Clyde from Glasgow. Thence through the Kyles of Bute (pretty enough in their way, but might be in America or anywhere else) and on to the Crinan Canal; whence, still by steamer, to *Oban*, the capital of the West Highlands through sea lochs, pretty well guarded by islands. This day's journey gives you a good glimpse of the characteristic misty West Coast scenery; it is apt to be showery. Sleep at Oban, which, in fine weather, is one of the loveliest spots in Britain. If fair next day—but that is a doubtful *if*—you may drive to see the few castles of the neighbourhood, mere ruinous shells, but most picturesquely situated (Black's Guide will tell you all you want to know about them). Oban may also be reached by

rail from Glasgow or Edinburgh, not quite so pleasantly, but by a beautiful route ; those who dislike the sea may diverge from the itinerary given above at Crinan, and take coach to *Loch Awe*, an inland lake, up which steam, and rail on to Oban. But the sea lochs and islands of the alternative road are more thoroughly characteristic of Scottish scenery.

From Oban, steamer to *Fort William* or Banavie, where sleep. Do not trouble to ascend Ben Nevis. No mountain in the British Isles deserves an ascent, except at the feet of leisurely travellers. From Fort William, steamers will take you up the *Caledonian Canal* — in reality, a chain of mountain lakes occupying the centre of a great glen, and connected by canals — to *Inverness*, where sleep. This Caledonian Canal leads you through the wildest scenery in Britain ; but it is not characteristic of anything save the fierce Highland condition of the seventeenth century ; a few castles alone break the monotony of its beautiful weirdness. On the whole, I do not consider the trip here described a very instructive one ; it is more like what one may see on Lake George and Lake Champlain, or in the Adirondack district, than distinctively British. Return to Edinburgh by the Highland Railway — a fine line, running

through the heart of the grouse-moors — and sleep, if you choose, at Fisher's Hotel at *Pitlochry*, whence you can explore the Pass of Killiecrankie, the Falls of Tummel, and many other spots of some scenic interest.

As a whole, you will see, I advise the six-monthly visitor, if he attacks Scotland at all, to see only Edinburgh and the Trossachs. But England is really much more novel and interesting; it is the land of old civilisation in Britain; its cathedrals, castles, and monasteries are on a larger scale, and have finer architecture.

Briefly, my advice comes to this : spend most of whatever time you devote to Britain in exploring Southern England; but if you take in Scotland as well, see Durham on the way, with York if you like; and in Scotland, confine yourself to Edinburgh and the Trossachs.

One word incidentally about the attractions of these last. It is on a point of principle. Some people go to see the Trossachs because they are "*the Land of Scott*," and more particularly of "*The Lady of the Lake*." In my opinion, it is a great mistake for the tourist to fritter away time on "*the Land of Scott*," "*the Land of Burns*," "*Charlotte Brontë's country*," and other such purely sentimental associations. These do not in reality

teach you anything. The characteristic objects of a country — its churches, its halls, its painting, its sculpture, its historical sites and buildings — those have really lasting value and importance; mere sentimental associations do no good to anybody. They correspond to the blade of grass plucked from Wordsworth's grave, which might to all appearance have been plucked from any meadow anywhere. If a scoffer surreptitiously substitutes for it a blade of grass from Greenwood Cemetery or Boston Common, the owner himself would never know the difference. But there is a real distinction between Fountains Abbey or Hereford Cathedral or St. Mark's at Venice, and Trinity Church, New York; they show you something the exact analogue of which you cannot possibly see elsewhere. Let me illustrate this misconception of the true use of travel by the plan pursued by two amiable young London clerks whom I once met on their way to Italy. They told me their proposed route, which seemed to me very ill-selected. I enquired why they had chosen so odd an itinerary. They answered that they were going to visit "all the towns in Italy mentioned by Shakespeare." Now, Shakespeare was an Elizabethan Englishman, who probably never travelled in Italy at all. In any case, he has no part in its history, its architecture,

its sculpture, its painting. The real object of going to Italy should be to see the glorious native works at Florence, Rome, and Venice. The mere fanciful association of Shakespeare's plays with Italian towns is fallacious and misleading. So at Verona many misguided tourists go to deposit their visiting-cards in a Roman sarcophagus, falsely described as the tomb of Juliet — Juliet's very existence being highly problematical. Now, that is clearly the wrong way of seeing things; the very people who weep over the sham tomb where Juliet never lay — the stone coffin, in all probability, of some sleek provincial Roman magistrate — most often omit seeing the church of San Zeno, a mile from the town, which is one of the most fascinating examples of Romanesque architecture, and has a Madonna on its altar which may fairly be described as Mantegna's masterpiece. They miss the substance in grasping at the shadow.

To return from this digression — which nevertheless goes to the very root of the theory of sight-seeing — if you wish to learn more of England *outside London*, and have the time to spare for it, I should add the following hints as to the best points to visit : —

Lincoln is the most interesting, taken all round, among *English cathedrals*. It can easily be com-

bined in a single short tour with Peterborough, Ely, York, and Durham. It stands up on its isolated hill, a church high-placed, dominating with its towers a wide and fertile plain, and has some features which cannot be seen to equal perfection anywhere else in England. *Lichfield* is also well worth seeing, and can be taken, if you choose, on the way from Liverpool to Leamington or London. Of the other cathedrals, *Norwich* and *Wells* are the best. It is sometimes useful to be told what you may omit: I add, therefore, that I do not think anybody need go out of his way to see Chichester, Gloucester, Worcester, Bristol, Hereford, Carlisle, or Ripon. Truro is modern. But if you light upon them by chance, all are worth seeing

The English *watering-places* are in some ways characteristic. Those who spend some part of the summer in England may wish to see them. *Brighton* is merely a suburb of London—a perfect London-on-Sea; it has no picturesque interest. It is conveniently reached by rail; the journey hardly exceeds an hour. *Hastings* is much more in the tourist's way; it has a fine old castle, and a quaint fisher quarter; Battle Abbey is within easy distance. *Eastbourne* has access to two good castles. Of the East Coast watering-places, avoid

Ramsgate, Margate, and Yarmouth; they are the English Coney Island. *Cromer* is picturesque, and has a fine old church. *Scarborough*, in Yorkshire, rather remote from London, is fashionable and pretty, with a ruined castle. *Whitby* is the most pleasant and picturesque of all, well situated among the dells of the Yorkshire moors, with a ruined abbey, and a funny old fisher-town clambering steeply up the cliff towards the church and monastery. Prices at all these are very high in the season. *Lyme Regis* in Dorset is a good specimen of the old-fashioned sleepy seaside town, almost unaltered since the days of Miss Austen's novels.

Of *inland watering-places*, Buxton and Matlock, both in *Derbyshire*, are pretty, and afford access to the beautiful though quietly hilly scenery of the Peak. They are good centres for exploring the country about Chatsworth and Haddon Hall. The former, the seat of the wealthy Duke of Devonshire, is a typical example of the stately homes of the English peerage. Malvern, Bath, Cheltenham, and Ilkley have also points in their favour.

Those who wish to see rural England a little more fully may take an extended tour either in *Devonshire* or *Yorkshire*. I do not say that either is exciting; but they are calmly beautiful and full of the

restful English feeling ; they will certainly tell you far more about England and the English people than a month or six weeks wasted in foggy and stifling London. For a *Yorkshire tour* I recommend the following route : York (two nights) with its Minster, town walls, gates, St. Mary's Abbey, etc. ; then Bolton Abbey, where there is a nice little inn for one night's stay ; Harrogate, a fashionable inland watering-place ; Ripon for Ripon Minster, Fountains Abbey, and Studley Royal ; by rail to Masham, and thence by carriage or on foot towards Richmond, passing on the way Jervaulx Abbey, Middleham Castle, and Leyburn ; thence the road winds across wild moors to Richmond itself, with its finely placed castle ; so on to Whitby ; next, to Scarborough ; and if you like, finish off your trip with Beverley Minster. This is one of the richest architectural and antiquarian tours in England, affording you also good glimpses of the dales and rivers as well as of the heather-clad moors of Yorkshire, which are at their purplest and best in August or early September.

The *Devonshire tour* is less varied and interesting, but not perhaps less charming. It exhibits the quiet and peaceful characteristics of rural England in their utmost development. It is capital for the pedestrian. A good skeleton tour would be,

Exeter (cathedral and castle); Teignmouth; Torquay; Dartmouth; Totnes; Ivybridge; Plymouth; Tavistock; Okehampton; Torrington; Bideford; Barnstaple; Ilfracombe; Lynton and Lynmouth; Minehead; London. This takes you simply through old towns and villages, with smooth turf, red cliffs, ancient churches, moss-grown farmhouses, but lacks distinct antiquarian interest save at a few points, for details of which I must refer you to Murray's Devonshire.

Finally, my last word is this: if you see England at all, see mainly *the country*. That is the sweetest and best in England. The towns, at least the large ones, are, as Cobbett said, "wens." The country is the most smiling and garden-like in Europe. If it were mere fields, I would not recommend you to see it. But it is an artificial product, the one really admirable artistic outcome of the British idiosyncrasy. To go to England and omit seeing the country is like going to Italy and omitting to see the pictures and the churches.

CHAPTER V

LONDON

TO my mind, most Americans spend altogether *too long a time in London*. I believe they usually regret it afterwards. That is not unnatural, either way. As a rule, visitors come first in their tour to London, and are anxious to see the sites and buildings with which their historical reading has made them familiar. Everything conspires to make them stop there. They speak the language; they understand the ways; they settle down in a comfortable (though ruinously expensive) hotel or lodging-house; and they are loath to move till they have exhausted the fresh interest of the teeming city of Five Million inhabitants. Afterwards they go on to France, Belgium, or Italy, and are sorry they did not assign to these vastly more interesting and amusing countries the margin of holiday which they wasted on the attractions of that gloomy siren.

To those who want to make the most of their time, however, I would say, on the contrary, *hurry*

away from London as fast as possible, and go on to the Continent. If *after* you have seen Paris, Bruges, Cologne, Florence, Venice, Rome, Munich, and Dresden, you still feel you want to spend more time in the smoky metropolis of the world's business, go back there by all means ; in any case go back for a week or a fortnight : but give the pick of Europe a chance at any rate, before you fling away your time with reckless extravagance on what is least important.

Of course I am writing from the point of view of *the tourist*. There are those who desire to see *a London season*. I have never seen one ; therefore I can tell you nothing about it. There are those who desire to hob-a-nob with dukes. I never set eyes on a duke in my life, and somehow I do not hanker after the joy of beholding one. There are those who wish to marry their daughters to English peers. If they are content with such usually undesirable sons-in-law, — if they think a title will console a woman for probable neglect and possible cruelty, — they may go their own way ; I cannot aid them in getting introductions to a society which I have never had the curiosity myself to penetrate. For people with these peculiar social aims, a long stay in London is, I doubt not, desirable. But my book is not for them, either. I aim only at advis-

ing the sincere tourist who wants Europe, as I want it myself, for the sake of what it enfolds of beautiful or ennobling, how best to use his time to his soul's advantage.

To him, then, or to her, I would say — Spend *not more than a week* at the outside in *London* before proceeding to the Continent. In that week see mainly *London itself*, *not* its foreign collections. And London itself, apart from its collections, is easily seen. It lies in a nutshell. It has few objects of antiquity, few buildings of interest. The few there are I will proceed to note in what seems to me the best order for seeing them.

London City, as I have said already, — the old mediæval London, — was almost entirely *burnt down* in the reign of Charles II. Hence it now contains hardly anything of interest. But that older and truer nucleus, still known as “The City,” and still alone possessed of its Lord Mayor and Corporation, forms but a tiny patch in the centre of the vast heterogeneous agglomerate now popularly and irregularly described as London. If you start from the West End, and drive through Kensington past Hyde Park for miles, you are still outside the utmost verge of the City. Continue on down Piccadilly, Regent Street, and the Strand, for many minutes more, and you have never even

approached the true City of London. Not till you reach the Griffin, which occupies with its unspeakable ugliness the spot where Temple Bar, one of the old city gates, once stood, are you really in London. The rest is just the outskirts. But these outskirts, with their four or five million inhabitants (as against 70,000 in the City) have within recent years for the first time gained municipal rights and official recognition as a sort of complex town, having been provided with a County Council, and erected into the administrative County of London. When people say "London" in ordinary talk, they mean, as a rule, this wider area; when they wish to refer to the original nucleus, with its Lord Mayor and Corporation, they say "The City." Thus, the City in London does not mean at all what it means in New York or Chicago;—that we call "town;"—it means only a tiny kernel in the very centre, yet lying so far east of the fashionable world that many ladies who have lived in London nearly all their lives have never been near it. It is the wider London, then, that I proceed to deal with in the present chapter.

In that greater London, the most interesting and almost the only relic of antiquity is undoubtedly *Westminster Abbey*. This I advise you to see as

soon as you have made your first walks through the town, and learnt to orient yourself. Go there more than once, reading it carefully up in your Baedeker's *London*. It is the one important mediæval church in the modern metropolis. Edward the Confessor built it, but not as you see it. Henry III. pulled down his minster, to do him honour, and erected the existing church over the glorious tomb-shrine of his sainted predecessor. Henry VII. added his own exquisite chapel. Whatever little remains of English history is to be seen at Westminster.

After "the Abbey," I should say see *the town itself*; by which I mean mainly, *the West End*, especially the quarter about Charing Cross, the hotels near which are by far the most central. The things to notice here lie quite on the surface — Trafalgar Square, the Strand and Fleet Street, the Temple, the Embankment, Regent Street, Oxford Street, Bond Street, the shopping quarter. In all these you need only walk about, though a few objects, such as the Temple Church, deserve closer inspection. The quarter has little to recommend it except its solid air of life and business; it is calmly, unobtrusively, and respectably British. It does not aspire to architecture; but ladies will find it has claims of its own on the score of drapery.

Of *the parks*, the three which lie together — St. James's, Green Park, and Hyde Park — are worth walking through. So is the *parliamentary region* about Westminster, with its big modern offices and its bad-Gothic Parliament House. This district has a few older buildings, such as the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall. But it relies for the most part on its historical associations. I do not advise you to waste time which you will want elsewhere on being led by an attendant over the House of Commons or going laboriously through any of the tedious sights of Westminster, except the Abbey.

The *northern area* you may entirely neglect. It contains nothing of interest. Regent's Park is not worth a visit, except for the sake of the Zoölogical Gardens — popularly, "the Zoo" — and even those need not be seen by any save children and specialists. All the northern region is entirely modern, stucco-built, and repellent.

A trip should, however, be undertaken into *the City*, just for the sake of seeing it. Go by Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and *St. Paul's*. The cathedral, Wren's, need not detain you for more than a walk round it, inside and out: it is vast, bare, pretentious, unimpressive. The monuments are nightmares. Then continue on by Cheapside to

the Bank and the Royal Exchange, returning by Holborn, Oxford Street, and Regent Street. The City still contains a few moderately interesting buildings, the best of which are the Guildhall, the Charterhouse, Christ's Hospital, and St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. But even these, though illustrative enough of old London, and so locally interesting, are not to be compared in richness or beauty to the similar buildings in France, Belgium, and Italy, or to those of Oxford and the country towns of England. The one thing, to my mind, that makes London worth seeing is the mere fact that here you stand in the largest centre of population on earth, the focus of universal business and finance, the capital of the world-wide British empire. Architecturally and artistically, London has done nothing in any way worthy of its commercial supremacy. It ought to be as fine as fifty Venices: it has not one St. Mark's, one Doges' Palace.

The *palaces*, indeed, are naught; but the club-houses in Pall Mall betoken wealth, unguided by taste or skill to use it.

I do not deny you the right to visit once or twice at this stage the sole really valuable contents of London — its *collections*; though I advise you to postpone their systematic study till your return from the Continent. Still, a glimpse on your first

visit may not be wholly undesirable ; it will help at least to show you there is *something* to see in London. Pre-eminent among these collections are those of the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the South Kensington Museum.

The *British Museum* proper — that is to say, the department of Antiquities — is situated in a gloomy and depressed-looking building in the quarter known as Bloomsbury. (Observe, by the way, that London is a country, made up of different towns, each with its own name and its separate physiognomy.) On a first visit or so, you will find the following the most interesting objects in this gigantic congeries. The *Greek Sculpture* ; this is exceedingly rich indeed ; it has some good very early objects (the Harpy Tomb, the Branchidæ figures, etc.), and above all, it has the sculpture from the Parthenon at Athens the famous Elgin Marbles), the finest Greek work of the best period. (A comprehensive general Guide to the Museum is sold at the door ; for those who want to pursue the subject further, there is a splendid Handbook of the Greek Sculpture in two volumes.) The *Roman Sculpture*, principally busts and statues of Emperors and their families. The *Egyptian Collection*, extremely rich and valuable ; the general catalogue will here suffice for all save specialists.

The *Assyrian Collection*, the richest in the world; at least a few hours should be devoted to a cursory examination of the magnificent reliefs. The *Greek Vases* and minor objects of antiquity. The *Etruscan Collection*. The *Ethnographical Objects*. *Pre-historic Antiquities*. *Coins and Medals*. And many others. The mere enumeration of these departments is enough to suggest the immensity of the collections, any one of which would be the study of a lifetime. The British Museum is indeed a place to despair in — or else to saunter through carelessly, with a glance right and left at what happens to catch your eye or take your fancy. Personally, I find the archaic Greek objects, the Lycian tombs, the colossal sculptures of the Mausoleum, and the beautiful set of Assyrian bas-reliefs representing Ashur-bani-pal lion-hunting, the most interesting exhibits. But to the average American visitor who comes to Europe in search of the means of a more advanced culture, I should say the Greek and Roman Sculpture is the most important object of special study in this museum. I must add that a certain blight of inexplicable shabbiness hangs somehow over the vast collection; whether it is the gloom of Bloomsbury, the want of space in the galleries, the hap-hazard mode of acquisition, or what, I know not; but certainly,

for some mysterious reason, the objects here exhibited are far less interesting, relatively to their intrinsic scientific and artistic worth, than those of the Louvre, the Vatican, the Munich galleries, or any other great European museum. Dinginess and stinginess are everywhere conspicuous. Something must no doubt be attributed to the exigencies of space; something to the niggardliness of the British people and the British government, who, rich as they are, have always grudged money for literary, scientific, or artistic purposes.

As for the *library*, with its vast collection of printed books and manuscripts, — the largest in the world, — that is for readers and students; the passing visitor is permitted the barest glimpse of it — and rightly.

The *Natural History Collections* of the British Museum are now housed in a totally distinct building, some two miles off, at South Kensington. They are the richest in the world, and will of course be visited by all scientific travellers; but the general tourist will doubtless feel satisfied with a perfunctory walk through the long rows of admirably arranged glass cases. The collection consists of four departments, — Zoölogy, Botany, Geology, Mineralogy.

Second in importance to the British Museum

comes the *National Gallery*, by far the most interesting sight in London for the non-specialist tourist. Alone among the collections of the metropolis, this show has escaped that blight of congenital gloom and dulness that seems to hang over everything else in London. Though housed in a mean and ugly building, it is admirably arranged and very well lighted; while the ability to move about the chairs so as to sit freely before whatever picture you fancy is a great advantage, unknown in almost any Continental picture gallery. The National Gallery is *not* rich in works by the greatest artists; it has few pictures of the first rank by painters of the first order; either the paintings are good specimens of second-rate masters or else second-rate specimens of great ones. But the collection is illustrative, well displayed, and admirably adapted to the wants of the student; if visited *after* you have seen the Italian and Flemish collections, it will greatly help to crystallise and clear your conceptions of the characteristics of the chief schools of painting.

Three sets of pictures in the National Gallery deserve especial notice, — the Italian, the Flemish, and the English. The *Italian Schools* are all represented, though none of them by quite their best works. The paintings, in short, constitute on the

whole a scratch collection. But it is a very comprehensive one. The *Tuscans* are represented by a tolerable Botticelli, a good unfinished Michael Angelo, a charming Filippo Lippi, and a doubtful Leonardo; while several works of minor artists have great merit. The *Venetians* are better vouched for, perhaps, than any other great school by a fine Titian, a good Veronese, and many excellent works by lesser masters; while the pictures of the second-rate men, such as Moroni and Moretto, Girolamo dai Libri and Cavazzola, are among the best things in the British collection. The *Umbrians*, on the other hand, are only so-so; the Blenheim Madonna by Raphael being destitute of most of his finest qualities, while there is but one first-rate Perugino, a glorious St. Michael in celestial armour. The small *Ferrarese and Bolognese* collection, however, is rich in good things, and thoroughly characteristic of that least interesting of Italian schools. An altar-piece by the almost unknown Ercole di Giulio Grandi must rank as one of the finest paintings in the gallery. The *Paduan* school has a beautiful Mantegna, and a quite unequalled set of the works of that quaint and charming painter, Carlo Crivelli. Among the *Lombard* examples by far the finest is Borgognone's Madonna with the two St. Catherines.

The *Flemish painters* are but fairly represented. Out and away the best work here — to my mind the most wholly pleasing picture in the entire gallery — is Gerard David's beautiful portrait of a kneeling canon with his patron saints. The Van Eyck close by, though exquisitely painted, is uninteresting as a picture ; the best thing in it is the decorative adjuncts. Several of the others are charming and delicate.

Many of the old *German* pictures are first-rate examples.

The *Dutch* are well represented for those who like them. There is a fine Franz Hals, a good Rembrandt, and a fair Vandyck or two. The later Flemings, whose affinities lie here, are well exhibited by Rubens's Chapeau de Poil, one of the best in the second rank of his portraits.

Of the *English* works, naturally, the most interesting are the Reynoldses and the Gainsboroughs. And then, there are the Turners.

To my mind, the best of all the pictures in this gallery is the Gerard David — he never did better. After it I would place in order of merit the Borgnone, the Mantegna, Moroni's Tailor, Filippo Lippi's Annunciation, Francia's Pietà, the Franz Hals, and the Ercole di Giulio Grandi. It will be noticed that few of these names are of the first

class. The gallery, in short, has some magnificent works of second-rate men, but (outside the English school) few transcendent works of first-rate ones.

The Official Catalogue is good and instructive ; there is also a capital Handbook (not sold in the building) by Mr. E. T. Cook, which exactly meets the wants of the average reader.

The third great collection of London is the *South Kensington Museum*. It is a rich, vast, chaotic gathering of miscellaneous objects of art — chiefly the minor arts — from all parts of the world, huddled loosely together in an exquisite jumble : it ought only to be studied in detail *after* you have seen Paris and Italy. The nemesis which pursues English government collections is nowhere more apparent, indeed, than in this ill-starred museum. The building has no façade, and looks like a wood-shed. Inside, its galleries are of all heights and sizes, well or ill adapted, as chance or fate rules, for the objects they exhibit. Noble originals are crowded and jostled by plaster casts or modern imitations : you never know whether you are looking at a first-hand masterpiece or a laborious copy till you consult the labels. Undoubtedly, the collection contains some splendid and beautiful works of art ; but the effect of the whole is marred and spoiled by the almost entire

absence of anything like judicious selection or arrangement. In one word, South Kensington is a warehouse; the Louvre and Cluny and the Bargello are museums.

Nevertheless, this huge hotchpotch of things good, bad, and indifferent contains genuine works of high merit, in sufficient numbers to stock half a dozen provincial galleries. It has *Raphael's cartoons* — lent permanently by the Queen; it has fine Italian reliefs, Della Robbia majolicas, Limoges enamels, exquisite glass and metal work, fine potteries of all ages, an endless collection of various articles of minor artistic interest. After you have learnt to understand these objects elsewhere, you can spend many interesting mornings in a single room at South Kensington, examining in detail the contents of the various cases. I must add in justice that the descriptive labels are the best I know in any museum in the world; they render a catalogue unnecessary for any save advanced students.

The *India Museum*, which occupies a separate building in the same district, is a branch of the South Kensington Museum.

Naturally, there are many other collections in London of great scientific and artistic importance, but none which need be visited by the American

tourist. In all these matters my advice would be, do not waste time in seeing third-rate things in London, which you will want for seeing first-rate things in Paris, Munich, Venice, and Florence.

A few words may be added as to *things which you may safely omit*. The Crystal Palace and Madame Tussaud's are good amusements for children, but are no more necessary for adults than the Pantomime. Windsor Castle, half an hour by rail, is ancient in form, but has been so much restored that it possesses little real interest. Hampton Court is somewhat better; but I do not recommend you to go out of your way to see it. As for the theatres and other casual amusements of London, they are a matter of taste. Baedeker and the daily papers will tell you all about them.

Finally, I shall once more have justified the existence of this little book if I have succeeded in making you feel *why* the country in England is so much more important than the town, and *why* you need spend so little time in London. It has one really good and local thing in it — Westminster Abbey. Even that you will understand better after you have seen Orcagna's shrine in Or San Michele at Florence.

CHAPTER VI

FRANCE : PARIS

JUST as distinctly as the country is England,
Paris is France.

Americans, accustomed to a great decentralised community, can hardly understand the absolute *centralisation* of everything French in Paris. In the United States, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco are separate entities; they do not take their thought, their art, their laws entire from one another; each has its own ideas, its own judgments, its own peculiar standards of life and conduct. But in France *Paris is everything*. You are Parisian, or else you are provincial. Nine tenths of all that is worth seeing in the Republic lies within a mile of the Île de la Cité. To most Parisians the universe does not extend beyond St. Germain.

Hence I would say to the American who visits Europe, *go to Paris* straight from London, and spend most of the time you devote to France there.

Formerly Americans gave more time to Paris and less to London than is now usual. I think *the older plan was the better one*; the change is mostly due to social causes. "Fashionable" Americans who want to know marquises, spend some months in London; other Americans who have too much good sense to desire such acquaintances, follow their footsteps by pure habit. But if you will take my advice, you will go first to the Continent; you can then return to London later, should you think it worth while. I am not afraid, however, that you *will* think it worth while; on the contrary, when you come to see how much there is to learn in France, Belgium, and (above all) Italy, you will thank me for having saved you from wasting your days in Piccadilly.

As to a *route* from London to Paris, if you dislike the sea, go by Dover and Calais, stopping one night on the way at *Amiens*, to see the Cathedral. There are good reasons for seeing it, if possible, before you visit Notre-Dame at Paris. Inspect it at leisure — there is nothing else at Amiens to detain you — neglect the little picture-gallery — so you can take your own time to look at the *Cathedral* thoroughly. The sculpture of the exterior is beautiful; try to understand it. But by far the finest thing in the whole place (if you do not allow

yourself to be talked over by Mr. Ruskin) is the set of *coloured stone reliefs* at the back of the choir, in what is called the ambulatory. They relate the history of the two chief saints of the district. Those on the South Side tell the story of the local bishop, St. Firmin, the apostle of the Ambiani, the Romanised Celtic tribe from whom Amiens takes its name; and they deserve the closest attention. I mention them here, not because of any intrinsic importance, but because they are the first such works which the tourist will see, in all probability, and they should therefore be carefully examined as specimens of the sort of interest which is rife on the Continent. Here the Reformation has not swept away all continuity with the past; and in these naïve scenes, sculptured from 1489 to 1530, we get a charming glimpse of the manner in which the fifteenth century envisaged to itself the history of the early church in the days of the persecutions. Not so much on account of their artistic merit, therefore (which, however, is great), as because they will form a good introduction to my treatment of the Continent generally, I will dwell for a while on these interesting sculptures.

At a first glance you can see for yourself that they are quaint and beautiful. In composition and treatment they resemble the finest Flemish paint-

ings of their time ; and indeed, by whomever they were produced, they are essentially Flemish in spirit. Nor need I point out to you the delicious and almost childish simplicity of the style ; the charmingly unconscious spectators who look out of the windows at the saint's martyrdom ; the noble ladies who disrobe completely to enter the sacred font of baptism. But what I wish to impress upon you here is the point that you must *examine these scenes in detail*, and try to remember them, for comparison with other similar scenes elsewhere. Don't walk past them with a lordly glance ; spell them out and understand them. You will find as you go on that such representations are always more or less conventionalised, and that only by means of comparison can you rightly grasp their full meaning. I would also urge upon you to buy photographs of such works, whenever they interest you — *not* views of Amiens Cathedral as a whole, but separate photographs of each such incident in the life of St. Firmin. You can then employ them for collation with other like works elsewhere.

Still more markedly is this the case with the series of reliefs on the North Side of the ambulatory, representing the *Life of St. John Baptist*. Such series are common elsewhere, especially in baptisteries, of which, of course, the Baptist is patron.

You will find, for example, several similar sets at Florence, — one on the bronze door of the Baptistery by Andrea Pisano; one on the silver altar removed from the same building to the Cathedral Museum; and one or two in other situations. Hence you should examine each episode separately, and note the treatment; you will find afterwards that each scene recurs, that the incidents are stereotyped, and that the figures introduced, nay, the very attitudes and expressions, are all of them conventional. A similar series, representing the Life of Christ, earlier in date, but not quite so beautiful, you will afterwards visit in the ambulatory of Notre-Dame at Paris; and you will find it interesting to compare the one scene which necessarily occurs in both lives alike, that of the Baptism of Christ in Jordan. I have written a short account of the history and evolution of this scene in art in a paper contributed to the English Illustrated Magazine, under the title of “The Painter’s Jordan.”

I introduce this digression merely in order to suggest to you *in what spirit* you must approach Continental cathedrals and churches. Begin by understanding the local saints and their histories; and then remember that every church is closely connected with its founder and patron. As a pre-

liminary exercise in this direction, I would advise you to read over, in my HISTORICAL GUIDE TO PARIS, first the introductory chapter, with its notice of St. Denis, and then the section devoted to the Basilica of St. Denis near the end of the volume. This will serve to show you the close connection which habitually exists between patron and fabric in most historical Catholic countries. Should the subject interest you, buy Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art* and *Legends of the Madonna*, and carry them everywhere with you.

So much for the route *via* Dover and Calais. But if you don't mind the sea, and can endure a four hours' journey in place of one of an hour and a half, I would recommend you strongly to go by *Newhaven and Dieppe*, which is a much more picturesque and representative route. The Calais way runs through the dull flats of Picardy; the line from Dieppe runs through the hills and dales and apple-orchards of *Normandy*, and by the winding valley of the island-dotted Seine, so that you approach Paris by its old natural river-way. This route also allows you to break the journey at *Rouen*, which is far more interesting in its way than even Amiens. To begin with, the town is more historical. It has a fine Cathedral, and a still finer monastic church, St. Ouen. It has, in addition, sev-

eral ancient municipal or judicial buildings, which almost rival in magnificence those of Belgium. And it is a delightful town in which to make your first acquaintance with provincial France of the Middle Ages. In any case, sooner or later, *aim at seeing Rouen.*

As for *Paris* itself, I have given already, in my HISTORICAL GUIDE, a full account of the city and what to see in it. I will only add here a few general hints of the sort which may be useful in forming plans for your settlement. Take up your quarters somewhere near the Avenue de l'Opéra; there you will be within *walking distance* of most things worth seeing. Walk about the modern town as much as you like; but remember that the sights which count for culture are all in the Old Paris within the Great Boulevards. First and foremost in importance comes undoubtedly *the Louvre*, which is at once the noblest of French historical palaces, and the great Museum of the collections of Paris. It contains everything — paintings of all schools; sculpture, antique, mediæval, Renaissance, and modern; vases and pottery of all ages; objects of decorative art; Egyptian, Assyrian, Oriental, and other Antiquities. To know the Louvre is the work of a lifetime; to walk through it alone is a considerable undertaking. Devote most of your

time, therefore, to the Louvre. But I would particularly advise you to pay special attention to the French mediæval and Renaissance sculpture.

Still, only a small part of the contents of the Louvre are either Parisian or French in origin. To see *Paris itself*, you must look mainly elsewhere. Second in importance, again, I would therefore place the great collections of *Cluny*, which, though in part Italian and Flemish, are much more largely of native *provenance*. Cluny is the museum of the art of the Middle Ages; devote as much time as possible to this fascinating building, studying its contents in the spirit I have indicated in the case of the reliefs at Amiens. (See my HISTORICAL GUIDE TO PARIS.)

Three *early churches* are of the first rank of importance, and are still more distinctively Parisian in nature, — *Notre-Dame*, the *Sainte Chapelle*, and the Basilica of *St. Denis*. Two Renaissance churches also deserve close attention, — *St. Eustache* and *St. Étienne-du-Mont*; while one much earlier building, *St. Germain-des-Prés*, is hardly less important. For other sights and detailed information, I must refer you once more to my Paris Guide.

I do not mean, however, that you ought to visit the objects here enumerated in the order in which

I have mentioned them. You will find in the GUIDE quite a different scheme drawn up for your instruction. In order to understand Paris, the best way is to begin with what is *distinctively Parisian*, and what is locally oldest, — the Île de la Cité, which was the primitive town, and the Royal Palace it enclosed ; together with its chapel, the Sainte Chapelle of St. Louis. After that, proceed to Notre-Dame, the old Cathedral, also situated on the original island. Take next the earliest overflow on the Left Bank, where Paris spread to the mainland, with the Museum of Cluny, once the mansion of the abbots of that famous monastery, and the shrine of Ste. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. Later, proceed to examine the North or Right Bank, with its Renaissance palace, the Louvre, and its immense collections of Italian or Oriental works ; as well as its chapel of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. In this way, I believe, you will get from the beginning a far clearer and more historical idea of Paris than by any amount of haphazard and promiscuous sight-seeing.

In this task, I venture to believe, you will find my GUIDE suggests a practicable plan which will unfold to you the growth and development both of the City itself and of its arts and buildings. My object throughout is to display the connection

between architecture, painting, and sculpture on the one hand, and history on the other.

A single example of the method pursued in these HISTORICAL GUIDES will show you better what they are driving at than any amount of vague generalisation. Let us suppose you are in Paris, and you want to see the *Sainte Chapelle*. That is one of the loveliest and most perfect things in the city—one of the half-dozen sights which nobody should miss, though he miss the Morgue and the Moulin Rouge, the races at Longchamps and the *cafés chantants* of the Champs Élysées. If you look in the ordinary guide-books, you will find that “the *Sainte Chapelle* was erected by Louis IX.,” and that “its architect was Pierre de Montereau.” Those two names, however, you will admit, can assist you but little towards a comprehension of the building and its meaning. What you really desire to know is this,—the circumstances under which that glorious pile was built, and the way those circumstances have affected its architecture. Now, the *Sainte Chapelle* was the *domestic chapel* of the old *palace of the French kings*, situated within its walls, and directly approached from it by a covered gallery. The palace has gone, but the chapel remains to us. Again, it was built by Louis IX., the Crusader,—that deeply religious

and mystic king who gave up his whole life to the service of the Church, and was afterwards canonised by Rome as *Saint Louis*. During the age of the Crusades, the astute Greeks and Syrians found the simple and pious knights of western Europe most credulous and gullible in the matter of relics; they did a splendid and paying business with the Franks in the matter of fragments of the True Cross and similar holy objects. Amongst others of his sort, St. Louis purchased from an orientalised Western, Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople, *the Crown of Thorns*, which had been miraculously preserved by Joseph of Arimathea. He also bought a portion of the Holy Cross. To receive these sacred objects, for which he had paid an enormous sum, he determined to erect a suitable shrine within his palace precincts—the *Sainte Chapelle*, which still remains almost as perfect as he left it, though greatly modernised by restorers in the present century.

It is as *the Shrine of the Crown of Thorns*, therefore, that we have mainly to regard this exquisite little gem of the best and purest age of Gothic architecture. And after that, we have to consider it most as *the Chapel of the Royal Palace* and the chief existing memorial of *the piety of St. Louis*. Over the principal doorway, accordingly, sculptured

angels display the Crown of Thorns and the True Cross, whose meaning and relevancy in that particular place thus become quite evident. Round the pinnacles on the roof, again, the Crown of Thorns is hung like a chaplet. Behind the high altar stands the richly gilt tabernacle where the holy relic itself was preserved; and this shrine is surmounted by a sort of platform or gallery of exquisite workmanship, from which the kings of France used to display it once a year to their people as represented by the congregation assembled in the chapel. Angels on its face hold a sculptured Crown of Thorns in perpetual witness of this beautiful ceremony. Everything else about the building breathes the ecstatic piety of the saintly king; ancient mosaics of martyrs, each wearing, as it were, his own crown of thorns, surround the building. One of the stained-glass windows relates in full the story of the bringing of the crown from Constantinople, and its enthusiastic reception by king and people in Paris. But the chapel is *royal* too; the fleur-de-lis of France tops every pinnacle and covers every pillar; while closely connected with it are the Three Castles of Castile, the arms of Louis's mother, Blanche of Castile, to whom he was ever the most devoted and loyal of sons. Thus the lofty church as it stands forms

for us not only a monument of splendid Gothic architecture, but a perfect picture of the saintly royalty of the thirteenth century.

Now, it is facts like those, the *inner meaning* of buildings, of pictures, of works of sculpture, that my guide-books are primarily intended to reveal to you. They are purely explanatory. I take the visitor round, showing him such remains, and at every step pointing out their meaning. If you want to know these things, then by all means, use them. If you *don't* want to know these things, waste no money in buying what to you will be useless; get a *valet-de-place* to take you round to the Eiffel Tower, the principal music-halls, the *cafés* on the Boulevards, the wax-work shows, and such other sights as may strike your fancy.

Or, again, let us take an example from *a picture*. You are at the Louvre, we will suppose, and you have come to a fine work in the Salle des Primitifs which arrests your attention. You look it up in one of the ordinary guide-books, and you will probably find something like this—"251, Mantegna, *Madonna della Vittoria*; a very beautiful work, of Mantegna's later period." Well, you can see for yourself it is a beautiful work; but what does it mean? what are the figures it contains there for? That is just what I try to tell

you. I explain how Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy, and how he was repelled by a league of Italian cities, under the guidance of Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, who commissioned this picture, which contains his portrait. Gonzaga met the French at the passage of the river Taro, and vowed an altar-piece to the Blessed Virgin if he gained the victory. *This* is that altar-piece. He gave the commission to *Andrea Mantegna*, his court painter, whose place in Italian art I try to make you realise: and Andrea, following, no doubt, his patron's commands, painted in the centre the *Madonna and Child*,—Our Lady extending her protecting hand to Gonzaga, who kneels in the foreground in full armour, as if offering up thanks just after the battle. That is why it is called Our Lady of Victory.

But you also see in the picture several *other saints* on either side. Who are they, and why are they included? Again I try to show the reason. To the right is St. Elizabeth (mother of the Baptist), the patron saint of *Gonzaga's* wife, who is thus symbolically associated with her husband in thanksgiving for the victory. Behind and to the left are the *patron saints of Mantua*, who also deserve to be gratefully remembered; St. Michael, the Archangel, the warrior of God, captain of the

army of the Lord of Hosts, who doubtless fought on the side of the Italians, — a glorious figure, in resplendent celestial mail: St. Andrew, who was not only a patron of Mantua, but also Andrea's own personal name-saint: St. Longinus, the converted centurion who pierced the side of the Saviour, and was afterwards baptised, and whose bones are preserved in a chapel of St. Andrew's church in Mantua: and finally St. George (*such a lovely St. George!*) the human warrior saint, as St. Michael is the angelic one, who stands here especially as representing the territory of Venice, of which he was patron, in order to suggest the idea that the patriotic Venetians were especially active in organising the resistance to the French invasion. This is only a small part, it is true, of what I have to tell you about this lovely picture; but further details, read in the absence of the picture itself, would be merely wearisome. I merely give you this as a single example of the method I pursue, and I say again, if you care for this explanatory treatment — if you want to understand how these churches were built and these pictures painted, not simply to gaze at them in ignorant wonder, — then take my guide-books with you. If you don't care, be content with the ordinary itineraries.

To see Paris properly in the way here set down will take you a month at least ; and the longer you stay, the better you will understand it. But as a counsel of perfection, I would say, stop a month at first, devoting most of your time to the more Parisian objects (Notre-Dame, St. Denis, Cluny, the Sainte Chapelle), with only a first hasty view of the Italian pictures and sculptures ; and then return again for a fortnight to re-examine these last *after* you have seen Italy.

Furthermore, let me impress upon you the point that you ought to see *Cluny before* you see the Louvre ; and that you should study closely the development of the conventional scenes of mediæval art as there exhibited *before* you proceed to examine their alteration and expansion by Renaissance artists as exhibited in the great picture-gallery. The *Renaissance* builds entirely upon mediævalism, while destroying and reconstituting it ; it takes conventionalised mediæval scenes, and proceeds to render them with more or less infiltration of classical spirit. You may not see the importance of this at first ; but after you have watched the growth and development of a few single scenes, you will realise that only by constant comparison can you understand art at its growing periods.

Above all, recollect that *symbolism is the language*

of early art ; you cannot read the book unless you take the trouble to learn the language. My Guides are intended as an easy introduction to such knowledge. They take you in front of each picture or statue, and tell you just as much as is then and there necessary to make you comprehend and enjoy its meaning. If you visit Paris in this spirit, you will learn from it most of what it has to teach you.

To sum up, spend most of your time devoted to France in Paris, and see it thoroughly by the historical method.

Of course, if you are *not* going on to Italy, then you must see Paris in quite a different manner. In that case you will want to make the best use you can of the Louvre collections ; and the Italian pictures and classical sculpture will naturally rise to the first rank of importance. If you are only going to study Raphael and Leonardo and Mantegna here, then study them thoroughly, by all means. But in any case follow the course set down in my Guide (which is mainly written for people who expect to see Paris alone), and you will thus get the greatest good out of the limited number of Italian paintings and classical statues or reliefs here gathered for your observation.

In either instance you will find the *Louvre is the kernel of Paris*.

CHAPTER VII

FRANCE : OUTSIDE PARIS

AFTER Paris, the visitor may desire to see some *other parts of France*. What these parts should be must largely depend upon the time of year at which he pays his visit, the plans he has formed for himself, and his ulterior objects.

For example, if you are in France in the summer, you may choose the delightful tour of the *Loire towns*, which will introduce you to the most interesting group of provincial French cities ; in such a trip you can easily include Orléans, Blois, Tours, Saumur, Angers, and Chartres. If again you are going straight to *Switzerland*, you will find *Dijon* a capital stopping-place ; and you will discover there (what you may already have found out at Cluny and in the Louvre) that Burgundian art was something entirely distinct from French art during the Middle Ages. Dijon, in fact, has much more in common with such Flemish towns as Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp than with those of France in the ordinary acceptation. If you are bound for *Spain*, you may visit on the way *Orléans*

and *Poitiers*, or may diverge a little into the *Pyrénées* (Eaux Bonnes, Eaux Chaudes, Cauterets), especially in summer. *Pau* is the capital of the French Pyrenean district, and having been also the capital of the old region of Béarn, and the birth-place of Henri IV., the first of the Bourbon kings, it has many antiquarian attractions, in addition to the advantages it derives from its beautiful situation, its unrivalled views, and its surrounding scenery.

Of *Normandy* and *Brittany* I will not speak in detail here. Those countries, it is true, are full of objects of secondary interest, — cathedrals, abbeys, churches, castles, many of which are closely connected with the early history of England, and therefore also of the American people. But they are not for the hasty six-months visitor, whose convenience I am particularly considering in this volume. Americans who are spending several years in Europe, or who are paying their fourth or fifth annual visit, may desire to see them; but they are not so well worth attention from the traveller pressed for time as most of the other places here described in brief. Those who have reached the point where a trip in Normandy or Brittany can be undertaken with advantage will find full particulars of both provinces in Murray and Baedeker.

Americans who desire to *spend the winter* in Europe, on the other hand, will probably wish to light upon some *warm spot* where they can pass the two or three coldest months in comparative comfort. For this purpose some of the *winter stations* in the *South of France* are extremely suitable. If the whole summer has been consumed in seeing England, France, Belgium, and Holland, the Rhine country, and Switzerland, it may be convenient, before visiting Florence, Rome, or Venice, to retire for December, January, and February (when sight-seeing is uncomfortable, even in Italy) to *Pau* or *the Riviera*. Each of these has its own advantages.

Pau is not particularly warm in winter, but it is sheltered and windless, and it has undoubted anti-quarian attractiveness. The visitor may arrive there about the beginning of December, and may leave for Italy before the first of March, by which date Rome and Florence are becoming agreeable places of residence.

The Riviera is the name usually given in English to the narrow strip of coast along the Mediterranean between Marseilles and Genoa. As I have spent some ten or twelve winters at its various stations, I am in a position to advise the visitor where to go, according to his requirements. It

must be premised that this strip of coast lies between the High Alps to the north and the sea to the south, and is remarkable for its luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. Nevertheless, you must not suppose that even here you can escape the chill of European January. *You go to a winter.* Snow often falls and lies on the ground for three days together; and the cold dry wind known as the *mistral* blows very frequently. On the other hand, the sky is generally clear and sunny; colds are infrequent; exercise can be taken almost daily in the open air; and it is possible to sit out even in January and February on sheltered garden seats or among the rocks on the hillsides. The coast is essentially not French, but Provençal, from Marseilles to Cannes; not Italian, but Ligurian, from Nice to Genoa.

The best way to reach it is by day train from Paris to Marseilles; where sleep the night, and rail on next morning to your destination. See later for the question of stoppage at Arles, Nîmes, or Avignon.

Hyères is a pleasant winter-resort with beautiful views; quiet and peaceful, but not so sheltered as the towns farther east. It overlooks a bay with hilly islands. St. Raphael is more French than English and American. *Cannes* is a vast over-

grown town of villas and gardens, dull and formal, but with beautiful drives and charming views. I recommend it for elderly people. *Antibes* (or rather Cap d'Antibes), which I prefer myself to all the Rivieran stations, is countrified and rocky, with charming walks, and exquisite glimpses of sea and snow mountain. But if you go there, remember to go to the Cap, *not* to the town, which is dirty and sunless. *Nice* is of course the "Great Town" of the Riviera; it has plenty of distractions, but is less sheltered than Cannes or Mentone, being open to the *mistral*. It is more a town for pleasure than for health. A visit of a week gives you a good glimpse of a certain side of the cosmopolitan European watering-places. *Monte Carlo* and *Monaco* are the most beautiful spots along this beautiful coast, but on the other hand they are the centre of the gambling industry. *Mentone* is deliciously situated in a charming valley, with endless lovely walks and drives, but with a somewhat narrow society. It has the warmest climate of any, and is suitable for invalids. These practically exhaust the towns of the French Riviera, which is the one deservedly most affected by American visitors.

The reader must bear in mind that none of these towns have anything in the way of *art* or of antiquity to delay the visitor. They are resi-

dential creations almost as purely modern as Newport or Saratoga. It is true most of them include an "old town," — a dirty, picturesque, steep white Mediterranean village, perched on a craggy hill, and still looking much the same as in the Middle Ages; but these "old towns" contain nothing in the way of architecture or painting to detain the visitor; they are interesting merely in a distant view; seen nearer, they become offensive to more than one of the senses. Whoever stops on the Riviera must regard that part of his tour merely as an agreeable loitering in pretty country, beset with roses, and overlooking a summer sea in the depth of winter. There are a few Roman remains, however, at Fréjus (scarcely worth the trouble of a visit); while Arles, Nîmes, and Avignon, which may be taken on the way south to Marseilles, have truly splendid remains of antiquity. But the coast itself, long decimated by the Saracens, is remarkable in Europe for its extraordinary lack of historical interest. It is just a great green paradise of modern villadom, — white houses set deep among palms and gardens.

I ought to add that one may visit on the way south three interesting towns. *Avignon* is noteworthy for the old palace of the Popes, inhabited by them during their seventy years of exile; *Nîmes*

for its splendid Roman temple (the Maison Carrée), with other fine ruins; and *Arles* both for its Roman amphitheatre, or other classical remains, and for its exquisite Romanesque church of St. Trophime, the glorious portal and sculptured cloisters of which must rank among the finest architectural works in Europe.

Theoretically, *the Italian Riviera* ought to be treated under Italy; practically, however, it forms a continuous strip with the French Riviera, and is always visited at the same time, on the way to the great artistic towns of the peninsula, such as Florence and Venice. Its characteristics are exactly the same as those of the French coast which adjoins it; but it is not quite so mountainous or quite so beautiful. Indeed, the shore grows gradually finer and the hills taller from Marseilles to Mentone, where the scenery reaches its culminating point of beauty; they grow gradually less fine again as we proceed farther east from Mentone to Genoa. Artistically, there is little or nothing to choose between them; the Italian "old towns" are quite as filthy and a trifle more picturesque, but contain even less of architectural or graphic interest. The arcaded streets and steep alleys, however, have a dirty attractiveness of their own which is undeniable and unwholesome.

Three chief stations along the Italian Riviera deserve the attention of the tourist. *Bordighera* is pretty, quiet, and warm; it affords chances for excursions to many quaint mountain-villages, such as Dolce Acqua, with its picturesque bridge and the ruined mediæval castle of the Dorias. *San Remo* is fashionable, well situated, sheltered, and amusing, with a delightful sea-front, a palm-bordered promenade, many attractive drives, and beautiful surroundings. *Alassio* is tamer, but forms a convenient spot to break the journey to Genoa.

As a whole, I advise the tourist to visit the Riviera only as a *place of retreat* from the cold of mid-winter. Intrinsically, it has no claims save those of beautiful natural scenery, lush southern vegetation, charming sunny sea, and fine shapes of mountains. The railroad route along the coast, indeed, is one constant succession of exquisite pictures, — blue or purple bays, craggy promontories and steep islands, white villages perched high on gray mountain spurs, towns that gleam and bask among olive and lemon groves. But it is merely beautiful. It teaches you little that is distinctively European. Look upon it rather as a retreat from the coldest time of the winter than as a part of your travel.

The following would be a good *plan for passing the colder months*. Set out from Paris about the

beginning of November. Stop at Dijon, and (if you wish it) at Lyons. Then spend a few days, *en route* to Marseilles, in exploring the many antiquarian and artistic monuments of Avignon, Arles, and Nîmes. Pass one night or more at Marseilles (very little to see) and then go on for a week to Hyères. After that move slowly along the charmed coast, first to Cannes or Antibes, then to siren Nice; or spend a day or two of feverish excitement at Monte Carlo, undoubtedly the centre of the finest scenery of the district. So to Mentone, where the peaceful walks on mountain spires and the romantic drives up deep glens will delay you for a fortnight; then cross the Italian frontier to Bordighera or San Remo, timing yourself so as to reach Genoa early in March, or even to spend February in Pisa; there you will find enough to occupy many days in the noble Romanesque buildings of the Cathedral group and the paintings and sculptures of the too little visited museum.

Now that I am on the question of the disposition of these *colder months*, I may add parenthetically that those who desire to utilise them in seeing and learning have three or four other courses open to them. One way is to take steamer early in November from Marseilles for Algiers, and to spend the winter in exploring *Algeria and Tunisia*; which

will give you a glimpse of Mohammedan civilisation (or barbarism). Algiers itself, and still better its delightful suburb of Moustapha Supérieur, are the best stations for the very coldest weeks; thence you can move on to Constantine and Biskra (the latter in an oasis of the desert, now approached by rail); returning by Tunis, the most interesting and unspoilt town in this part of North Africa. A second plan is to spend the cold months about *Naples*, say at Amalfi or Capri, which are more picturesque and attractive than the Riviera, while they have also access to more interesting antiquities, and leave you free to utilise any spell of fine weather in early spring at Pompeii or Pæstum. A third way is a tour in *Sicily*, where you can spend the coldest time in Palermo, and go on as the weather improves to Syracuse, Catania, Taormina, and Messina. Finally you can escape the winter altogether by taking refuge in *Egypt*, where a fortnight in Cairo may be succeeded by a trip up the Nile to the First Cataract.

I apologise for this digression, which is nevertheless apposite, and return to France. Briefly, here, my advice may be summed up thus. Spend most of the time you devote to this country in Paris; do not try to see much else, except what lies conveniently on your route to Switzerland or Italy, unless

you already know Europe well, and have plenty of time to spare for objects of secondary or tertiary interest. In that case you may see Normandy, Brittany, Auvergne, the Pyrenees; but then you will need no advice; you have passed by that time beyond the stage of a novice, and are in a position to frame your own itineraries. Do not, in any case, trouble much about the great towns, — Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, and so forth; they offer little to detain you. Make, rather, for the famous cathedrals, — Amiens, Rouen, Chartres, Laon, Rheims, Beauvais, Poitiers; or for the Roman towns, Arles, Nîmes, Orange, Valence; or for what is mediævally interesting or of Renaissance importance, — Carcassonne, Tarascon, Bourges, Tours, Blois, Orléans. If you can see something worth seeing on your way to or fro, by all means see it; but do not turn out of your course for anything. You will find a thousand objects of vastly greater importance crying for your attention in the Flemish towns, in the Rhine country, above all, in Italy.

Paris first, very much first; and the provinces nowhere.

CHAPTER VIII

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

EXCEPT Italy, there is nothing in Europe so valuable, so instructive as Belgium.

The reason is that *Belgium in the North*, like Italy in the South, *formed the commercial and therefore also the artistic centre of mediævalism*. The great towns of the Low Countries were the industrial capitals of the North and West, as Florence, Venice, and Constantinople were the industrial capitals of the South and East. Long before England had risen above the condition of an agricultural country, subsisting on its exports of wool to the manufacturing continent, Belgium ranked as a mighty commercial focus. While Liverpool was a tidal waste on the Mersey, Bruges was the great port for the exportation of cloth and the importation of wool and furs and spices. While Manchester was a rural market town, Ghent was the centre of the textile industries of Europe. In every way the cities of Belgium led the van of progress. The battle of the trading municipality

against the feudal lord was fought out by the Van Arteveldes ; nay, even the battle of the labourer against the capitalist was foreshadowed by the craftsmen of Louvain and Ypres. You can understand the later middle ages aright only by a visit to the Low Countries.

Moreover, *Belgium has escaped* the terrible cataclysms of *the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution* far better than any other part of North-western Europe. In England you get only the bare skeletons of cathedrals and churches, robbed of their sculpture, their painting, and their decorative work by the grasping grantees of Henry VIII. or the brutal Puritan soldiers of Cromwell's army. When Henry dissolved the monasteries, he stripped them of all their precious stones and other valuable assets for his own emolument ; or else handed them over to great nobles whose acquiescence in his schemes of spoliation he thus purchased, and who proceeded in their reckless greed to tear the very lead from the roofs and the frontals from the altars. During the succeeding dynastic and religious troubles, most of the works of art in ecclesiastical buildings were destroyed or impaired by the mistaken zeal of the Protestant party ; and what little survived till the reign of Charles I. was mostly smashed or defaced beyond recognition at

the hands of the Puritan fanatics of the Commonwealth. Hence it happens that in England the cathedrals and abbeys are now either absolute ruins or else bare architectural fabrics, entirely devoid of the sculpture, the frescoes, the mosaics, the stained glass, the enamels, the draperies that once adorned them. Often they have been "restored" with the machine-made art of London or Birmingham. Similarly in France, though the destruction wrought either by the abortive Reformation or by the Sans-culottes of '93 was not quite so disastrous as that wrought by the Protestants and the Roundheads in England, yet we possess hardly a church which now displays in any fulness its original wealth of internal decoration. The best in the Paris district, such as St. Denis, the Sainte Chapelle, and Notre-Dame, have been largely restored, especially as to their sculpture and ornaments; while outside Paris, though the carven figures and the stained glass have largely escaped destruction at Chartres, at Rheims, and at Rouen, yet few churches have retained any notable proportion of their coloured mural decorations or their works of painting and other subsidiary arts. In England, in short, you get mere skeletons; in France, somewhat maimed and hacked-about corpses.

But Belgium, though severely treated by the

early reformers and the Spanish hordes, still retains for us more of its *mediæval splendour* than any other part of modern North Europe. Its churches are full of ancient pictures and decorative works; its museums are rich in national products; its town halls are glorious specimens of Gothic secular architecture, unrivalled elsewhere. In Belgium, indeed, for the first time, the American visitor begins to understand the charm of studying a people's history and a people's art side by side in the country of their origin,—the charm of seeing the actual pictures and sculpture and decorations in the very spots where they were first produced, and still devoted to the purposes for which their makers and their donors designed them. It is one thing to see a Raphael in the National Gallery of London or the Louvre at Paris, divorced from the circumstances which begot it and the land which called it forth; quite another thing to see on an altar at Ghent the great Van Eyck of the Adoration of the Lamb, still occupying the very niche in the private chapel of the Vydt's family who commissioned it—the very niche in which Jan van Eyck himself deposited it. It is one thing to see a Rubens in Munich or Vienna; quite another thing to see it on the grave of Moretus in Antwerp Cathedral, where the great painter placed

it above the recent ashes of his friend and patron.

Therefore I say to you, if your aim is culture, it is *far more important for you to see the cities of Belgium than even to see London or Paris.*

In my HISTORICAL GUIDE TO THE CITIES OF BELGIUM I have dealt in detail with the chief objects of interest in this delightful country; and I take it for granted that in making the plan of your tour you will turn for further particulars to that little volume. So I will deal here mainly with the question what parts of Belgium are best worth visiting by the American tourist, and in what order he ought to approach the chief centres of interest.

You may reach Belgium either from England direct or from Paris. If from England direct, then *the proper order of the towns* is, as it were, mapped out for you by the railway system; for you will land at Ostend (if you take the shortest and most frequented route) and proceed straight to Bruges; whence you will go on to Ghent and Brussels; and thence to Antwerp, thus taking each in its right evolutionary and historical sequence, as I shall explain hereafter. But the sea passage from Dover to Ostend is about four hours long; and many people, especially ladies, prefer the shorter

Channel crossing (involving though it does a longer railway journey) *via* Dover and Calais. Now, please note this next remark carefully, because it is one of the highest importance for your right comprehension of the history and art of the Low Countries. Whether you approach Belgium from Calais or from Paris, do not let mere convenience of travel distract you into the fatal course of going to Brussels first. However you arrive, *make straight for Bruges*, and for Bruges alone, even if it costs you an extra hour or two hours of railway travelling. You will never regret it; or rather, you will never cease to thank me for having saved you from a step which may spoil half the pleasure and profit of your trip to Belgium. If you foolishly visit Brussels first, you will say over and over again at Ghent and Bruges, "How I wish I had come here before going to Brussels!" Nay, if you are a conscientious traveller and once commit this error, you may even feel constrained to see Brussels over again, in order to re-read its monuments and collections by the light of what you have learned in Bruges. For Bruges stands at the very base of the art of the Low Countries; and only by building up your knowledge by gradual stages from Bruges to Antwerp can you ever understand what it is all driving at.

The most *fatal step of all*, however, is to visit *Antwerp first*. For Antwerp is the end, not the beginning, of Flemish art and Flemish history. Do not let anybody or anything persuade to make this hopeless practical blunder. If, therefore, convenience or cheapness of travel induces you to select the comfortable steamer from Harwich to Antwerp as your means of entering Belgium, I implore you not to stop and see the city then and there, but to take the train direct to Bruges, which visit first; then go on to Ghent; thence to Brussels; and only finish up your tour with Antwerp. In other words, however you arrive in the country, I charge you, as you value your soul's education, not to follow any other order in visiting the chief centres than this — Bruges; Ghent; *Ypres*; Brussels; *Louvain*; *Malines*; Antwerp. The towns I have put in Italics are those of secondary importance, which you may omit or not as you choose; but the four in Roman type you *must* see, and see in this order. I do not say this dogmatically, but for a sufficient reason, which I hope to make you feel for yourself in the sequel.

Bruges comes first, because *Bruges is the oldest and artistically the richest* of the cities of the Low Countries. In my own opinion, it is also the most interesting and charming town in Europe, outside

Italy. I do not mean merely that it abounds in works of art of all kinds, but that here you see the town itself in a condition which still largely recalls the mediæval burgher republic under whose ægis these works of art had their natural origin. Bruges is a fossil of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries ; with much modern admixture, it is true, but none the less a fossil.

In order to understand Bruges and the rest of Flanders aright, we must remember that the great trading towns of the Low Countries were the earliest in the North to recover from the cataclysm which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, and from the lethargy which followed it. From the fifth to the ninth century, the arts of the ancient world were dormant and almost dead in the West of Europe. When civilisation began to creep North again after its long sleep of the dark ages, it was left for the Frankish Karl, whom modern Europe knows best under his French name of *Charlemagne*, to introduce Roman crafts and Roman letters once more into the barbarised Rhineland. The Rhine from Basle to Cologne, as we shall see a little later, was the region most influenced by this fitful revival of the Roman Empire in its Teutonic guise, — the “Holy Roman Empire” of later mediæval systematists. But Charlemagne had his chief seat at

Aix-la-Chapelle or Aachen near the modern Belgian frontier, and his dominions included not only Belgium, Holland, France, and Germany (to anticipate the familiar modern terms), but also the greater part of Austria and Italy, as well as portions of Spain and a few other countries. Of the northern half of this extended realm, the Rhine formed the chief natural water-way; and it continued to be one of the main highroads of traffic throughout the Middle Ages. But the Flemish towns, lying conveniently near its mouths for trade and manufacture, rose rapidly to be the chief industrial and commercial centres of the new system, and grew by the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to be the ports and marts, the Liverpools, Manchesters, and Birminghams of the mediæval world.

Many causes contributed to this result. *Flanders*, half independent under its own Counts, after the empire of Charlemagne's descendants had practically split up into France and Germany, was comparatively free from the disastrous wars and dynastic quarrels which desolated both the larger countries. Bruges, situated on an inlet of the sea now long since silted up, and known as the Zwin, became the chief station of the famous Hanseatic League, which was an essentially commercial

federation of the great trading-towns of the North for mutual protection against piratical enemies or feudal exactions. By the fourteenth century it had become for the Atlantic what Venice was for the Adriatic and the Mediterranean ; trading companies from all the surrounding countries had their "factories" or agencies seated in the town, and every king of importance kept a minister accredited to the merchant city. Thus Caxton was governor of the English "factory" at Bruges, where he learnt the art of printing from Colard Mansion ; and the Medici of Florence, the Banca di San Giorgio of Genoa, and the millionaire Fuggers of Augsburg had all their representatives in this early Flemish London.

A single paragraph from my HISTORICAL GUIDE will serve to make this point clearer : —

"Some comprehension of the *mercantile condition of Europe* in general during the Middle Ages is necessary in order to understand the early importance and wealth of the Flemish cities. Southern Europe, and in particular Italy, was then still the seat of all higher civilisation, more especially of the trade in manufactured articles and objects of luxury. Florence, Venice, and Genoa ranked as the polished and learned cities of the world. Farther east, again, Constantinople still remained in the

hands of the Greek emperors, or, during the Crusades, of their Latin rivals. A brisk trade existed *via* the Mediterranean between Europe and India or the nearer East. This double stream of traffic ran along two main routes, — one, by the Rhine, from Lombardy and Rome ; the other, by sea, from Venice, Genoa, Florence, Constantinople, the Levant, and India. On the other hand, France was still but a half civilised country, with few manufactures and little external trade ; while England was an exporter of raw produce, chiefly wool, like Australia in our own time. The Hanseatic merchants of Cologne held the trade of London ; those of Wisby and Lubeck governed that of the Baltic ; Bruges, as head of the Hansa, was in close connection with all of these, as well as with Hull, York, Novgorod, and Bergen. The position of the Flemish towns in the fourteenth century was thus not wholly unlike that of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston at the present day ; they stood as intermediaries between the older civilised countries, like Italy or the Greek empire, and the newer producers of raw material, like England, North Germany, and the Baltic towns. The local *manufactures* of Flanders consisted chiefly of woollen goods and linens ; the imports included Italian luxuries, Spanish figs and raisins, Egyptian

dates, Oriental silks, English wool, cattle, and metals, Rhenish wines and Baltic furs, skins, and walrus tusks."

Of this busy Flemish world of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Bruges was the great centre. The *art* that grew up in its midst bears on its very face the impress of its commercial origin. France is essentially a monarchical country, and it is centralised in Paris, where everything is regal in type, from the Louvre to the Sainte Chapelle, from the royal park of Versailles to the royal basilica of St. Denis. The Italian towns, on the other hand, were oligarchies of noble families; the principal buildings of Florence, Venice, and Genoa are therefore the castles or palaces of princely houses, while the art is mainly that of the painters patronised by the Medici or the Doges. But in Flanders everything is in essence *commercial*. The architecture consists mainly, not of kingly palaces or of private mansions, but of guilds, town halls, exchanges, belfries; the pictures are the portraits of solid and successful merchants, or the devotional works which a merchant donor presented to the patron saint of his town or business. They are almost overloaded with details of fur, brocade, jewellery, lace, gold, silver, polished brass, metal work, and oriental

carpets; they bespeak a wealthy and cultivated *bourgeoisie*. In order to understand Flemish art, therefore, you should see it first in the opulent merchant towns where it took its origin.

The nucleus of Bruges is formed by the famous group of old *city buildings*, including the *Belfry*, which was the embodiment of the town privileges, together with the *Hôtel-de-Ville* and its subsidiary edifices. These Flemish belfries are in themselves very interesting relics, because they were the first symbols of corporate existence and municipal power which every town wished to erect in the Middle Ages. The use of the bell was to summon the citizens to arms in defence of their rights, or to counsel for their common liberties. Every Teutonic burgher community desired to wring the right of erecting such a belfry from its feudal lord; and those of Bruges and Ghent are still majestic memorials of the freedom-loving wool-staplers of the thirteenth century. By the side of the Belfry stands the *Cloth Hall*, representing the trade from which the town derived its wealth; while hard by is the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, with its exquisite little Gothic chapel of the Saint Sang, built to contain some drops of the Holy Blood of Christ which Thierry of Alsace brought back from the Crusade in 1149, and thus fitly comparable from a certain point of

view with the Sainte Chapelle of Paris. This noble and stately group of municipal and mercantile buildings enables us mentally to reconstruct the time when Bruges was the greatest commercial seaport of Western Europe, when its quays were crowded with Venetian ships and English wool-merchants, and when the wealth of the Rhine, the Baltic, and the Channel poured in upon it daily as the chief emporium of mediæval industry.

These, however, are but the first attractions of Bruges. Add to them a charming old town, threaded by silent canals like a northern Venice, and with houses that have descended to us straight from the seventeenth century or earlier, and you will understand why I say that at least a week should, if possible, be devoted to Bruges. If it is a question of cutting short the time either here or at Brussels or Antwerp, let Brussels and Antwerp go by comparison. Stick to what is most important, most instructive, most beautiful. Don't let the fact that modern arrangements have made Brussels the capital of a mushroom monarchy mislead you. Brussels is full of delightful things, it is true, but it has not half the real interest and value of Bruges. See this by all means, even if you are therefore compelled to skimp for time the more modern cities.

The greatest reason of all for going to Bruges, however, is to see its *pictures*, which not only form the groundwork for a knowledge of Flemish art, but rank as one of the greatest treats Europe has to offer. The most important collection, consisting entirely of Memling's masterpieces, is at the *Hospital of St. John*, a very ancient foundation, served to the present day by the Augustinian nuns who were there already in the fourteenth century, and who still wear the same dress as in Memling's pictures. This little gallery of one man's art may fairly rank with the Fra Angelicos at San Marco in Florence and the Giotto's in the Madonna dell' Arena at Padua, as one of the three most interesting collections in the world. There are only some half-dozen works, it is true; but they will occupy you with pleasure for many visits. The chief gem is the casket containing the arm of St. Ursula, who was martyred at Cologne, with her 11,000 virgins, by the heathen Huns about the fifth century. The sides, the ends, and the roof of this exquisite little shrine, a Gothic chapel in miniature, are covered with dainty pictures of the legend of the saint, one of the most poetic in the whole range of hagiology; and they have been treated by Memling in the spirit of a fairy tale, with an art that carries away every sympathetic

visitor. The idyllic painter reads the whole tale as a series of episodes in a courtly life, like that of the Burgundian princes at Bruges in his own time; and he has therefore given us such a set of scenes in silk and velvet costumes of the period, idealised and poeticised, as once beheld must live with one forever.

Whatever else you omit in Europe, try hard to see these exquisite and immortal pictures.

As a single example of the way in which, as I believe, such works ought to be studied, in connection with the place and circumstances which gave them birth, I will extract from my HISTORICAL GUIDE the description of one among these delicious works, of which the ordinary account would be merely that it represented the Adoration of the Magi, by Memling. In order really to understand what such a picture is driving at, the description should rather run somewhat as follows : —

“Near the window by the entrance is a *Trip-tych*, also by Memling, commissioned by Brother Jan Floreins of this Hospital. The *central panel* represents the *Adoration of the Magi*, which takes place, as usual, under a ruined temple fitted up as a manger. The Eldest of the Three Kings (according to precedent) is kneeling and has pre-

sented his gift ; Joseph, recognisable (in all three panels) by his red and black robe, stands erect behind him, with the presented gift in his hands. The Middle-aged King, arrayed in cloth of gold, with a white tippet, kneels with his gift to the L. of the picture. The Young King, a black man, as always, is entering with his gift to the right. The three thus typify the Three Ages of Man, and also the three known continents, Europe, Asia, Africa. On the L. side of this central panel are figured the donor, Jan Floreins, and his brother Jacob. (Members of the same family are grouped in the well-known "Duchâtel Madonna," also by Memling, in the Louvre.) To the right is a figure looking in at a window and wearing the yellow cap still used by convalescents of the Hospital (arbitrarily said to be a portrait of Memling). The *left panel* represents the Nativity, with our Lady, St. Joseph, and two adoring angels. The *right panel* shows the Presentation in the Temple, with Simeon and Anna, and St. Joseph (in red and black) in the background. (The whole thus typifies the Epiphany of Christ ; left, to the Blessed Virgin ; centre, to the Gentiles ; right, to the Jews.) The *outer panels*, in pursuance of the same idea, have figures ; right, of St. John Baptist with the lamb (he pointed out Christ to

the Jews), with the Baptism of Christ in the background; and left, St. Veronica, who preserved for us the features of our Lord, displaying his divine face on her napkin. The architectural frame shows the First Sin and the Expulsion from Paradise. Note everywhere the strong character in the men's faces, and the exquisite landscape or architectural backgrounds. Dated 1479. This is Memling's finest altar-piece: its glow of colour is glorious."

The other little collection at the *Academy* will introduce you to Jan van Eyck, the founder of the Flemish school of painting, to Gerard David, and to many other Flemish artists of the highest importance.

Mention of the Burgundian court too reminds me that Bruges is the natural place in which to study the *dynastic history of the Netherlands* under its native princes, its Burgundian rulers, and its later Spanish despots. In one of the two splendid churches of the town — rich in other works of art as well — you will find the tombs, the costly and gorgeous tombs, of Charles the Bold and his daughter Mary of Burgundy; pegs on which you may hang your knowledge of that powerful dynasty whose memorials will pursue you across the rest of Europe, from Venice to Madrid, from Vienna

to Brussels, from Rome to Innsbruck. The famous chimney-piece of the old Palais de Justice hard by will show you the effigies of the ancestors of Charles V. in a form which readily fixes their relationship on your memory. Here and here only you get the tangled threads unravelled: here and here only the history lives again for you.

I have dwelt long on Bruges — comparatively; but I wish space permitted me to dwell longer. For it fascinates. Go there early, and do not hurry away from it. You must drink it in slowly, and you may learn much from it. Besides which, every walk through the town is a succession of pictures; the old walls, the gates, the step-gables of the houses, the Madonnas in the niches, the turrets, the reliefs, everything is delightful, and everything tells you you are back in the Middle Ages.

Ghent was in its time as fine a town as Bruges, and must once have been as rich in sculpture, painting, and decorations. But it has been more fully *modernised*, and perhaps two days, or at least three, may satisfy the enquiring mind of the American tourist. While Bruges was the chief seaport, Ghent was the chief manufacturing town of the fourteenth century. Into its history and its connection with the England of Edward III. I

have gone at length in my HISTORICAL GUIDE. The chief reasons for visiting it at present are its fine old churches, its Town Hall and Belfry, its excellent pictures, and above all its glorious polyp-tych of the *Adoration of the Lamb* by Hubert and Jan van Eyck, which forms the first great work of the Flemish school of painting. This immense altarpiece occupies the spot where it was originally placed, in the chapel of the Vydt's family, in the Church of St. John Baptist (now the Cathedral of St. Bavon), and to see it properly requires more than two or three visits; for though nominally one picture, and really taken up with a single scene, it consists of many separate figures and episodes in different tiers, and contains within itself an epitome of Flemish theology and symbolism in the fifteenth century. I have elsewhere given a full explanation of its numerous groups of saints and martyrs.

As for *Brussels*, I need not press its claims upon the tourist's attention. As a rule, indeed, the tendency of visitors is to allot an unduly long proportion of their time to the Belgian capital, and to put off Bruges and Ghent, collectively so much more beautiful and interesting, with a day each, or at best a couple of days of hurried sight-seeing. This is a serious error. Not that I wish to detract from the charms of Brussels; for I confess I find

it one of the most fascinating and alluring cities in Europe, one from which it is hard to tear oneself. It is usual to speak of Brussels as "a miniature Paris." The judgment, I venture to say, is essentially a vulgar one. Brussels has far more that is interesting to show one than Paris, except as regards the foreign collections — Italian, classical, Assyrian, Egyptian, etc. — of the French capital. In local and national art, Brussels is the richer of the two. If what people mean is that both towns have boulevards, *cafés*, gardens, squares, parks, kiosks, theatres, and music-halls, — in short, the common features of modern European town life, — and that Paris, being larger, has naturally more of them, of course they are right; but then, on the same principle, one might as well call Chicago a big Brussels. In genuine interest, Brussels runs Paris close, and in some ways beats it; only those who do not care for art or antiquity could ever say that "Brussels disappoints if seen after Paris." As a place of prolonged residence, it is simply delightful, — bright, airy, open, not too big, with all its parts accessible; and every other great centre in Europe can be reached from it more easily than from any other city, if one takes all together. Indeed, when I think of its glorious contents, I do not envy the man who does not love Brussels.

Take up your quarters in the *upper town*, not far from the King's Palace, where you have fresh air, and space, and are nearest to everything.

The sights of Brussels are of many kinds. In the first place its mediæval centre consists of the finest *Old Square* in Europe (except those of Venice and Florence); in which are situated the glorious Hôtel-de-Ville and the gorgeous Maison du Roi, two of the finest secular buildings in the world; while the rest of the Place consists entirely of handsome Renaissance guild-halls. This square alone gives Brussels a far higher rank than that of "a little Paris;" there is nothing in Paris to be named in the same day with it. Then, again, there is the noble Cathedral of the local patroness, Ste. Gudule; her image, carrying the lantern which the devil tried to blow out, recurs in every part of it, as does also that of the local patron, St. Michael the Archangel. You will find him, if you look for him, on the very lamp-posts. It is this continuity of idea between the Middle Ages and modern times that gives half the charm to Europe; and it is for the sake of calling attention to these persistent features, of suggesting the reasons and explanations of things, that I have been moved to plan my series of Historic Guide-books.

Brussels is also the place in which to form a

connected idea of Flemish art. At Bruges and Ghent you saw its magnificent beginnings in the Van Eycks and Memling; at Brussels you make further acquaintance with these same early artists, as well as with their near contemporaries Dierick Bouts and Roger van der Weyden; but you also follow out the development of the intermediate Flemish school, in Quentin Matsys, Gossart, and other transitional masters; you watch the introduction of a new style derived from the Italian Renaissance; and you are enabled to follow the subsequent rise of Rubens and his school; as well as the first hints of Vandyck, Rembrandt, and the later Dutch masters. You will here be in a position to guess why I advised you first to see Bruges and Ghent. You were able there to concentrate your attention on the beautiful works of the early school; by the time you reach Brussels, these will have become so far familiar to you that you will be fitted intelligently to trace the further development of Flemish art and of its Dutch offshoot. But if you were first to attack the whole mingled mass of early and transitional work, as you see it set together, somewhat pell-mell, in the *Hall of the Old Flemish Masters* at the Brussels Museum — still more if you were to begin with the suite of rooms containing the Rubenses and the Vandycks, — as

most tourists do,—you could never get anything but a confused and phantasmagoric idea of the art of the Low Countries. You would *understand* none of it. Begin with what is simplest, easiest, and earliest; proceed to what is later, more complex, and more varied.

A stay of about a week will suffice to give you a good idea of Brussels. I have sketched in my Guide a plan of action.

Antwerp is practically a town of much later origin than the other three. Though in one sense old, its importance dates only from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. As the Zwin at Bruges silted up, and as Venice declined, Antwerp rose into commercial greatness. More than that; it was the first leading Atlantic seaport of the more extended traffic. It flourished with the military greatness of Spain, and with the commercial importance of America and the Indies. Hence its art belongs almost entirely to the later period, beginning with Quentin Matsys, who died in 1531, and culminating with Rubens, whose life as an artist nearly coincides with the first half of the seventeenth century. In one word, it is a *Renaissance city*. True, the modern museum, one of the finest in the world, contains several noble works of earlier painters; but these have been

mainly brought hither in recent years, and none of them have any original connection with Antwerp. On every account, therefore, the town ought to be visited last of the Belgian cities; it closes a chapter in the national development.

Briefly put, Antwerp is *the city of Rubens*; and Rubens is now a far less interesting figure than he was to the generation which cared only for Renaissance art, ignoring Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Van Eyck, and Memling. A visit of three or four days ought therefore to suffice for the hasty traveller; those who have more time to spend will find a week amply sufficient. The Cathedral has excellent points, but it has been much overrated; it contains fine pictures, but not so fine now as they were thought thirty years ago. Recollect that taste at present is going back to the fountain-heads, and that Roger van der Weyden and Gerard David are beginning to assume the place once usurped by later painters.

As to the *Antwerp Museum*, it is full of fine works, and deserves long and close attention. Besides its admirable early masterpieces, including a lovely and touching Van der Weyden, it is especially important for the study of Rubens, whose chronological development can nowhere else be followed to so great advantage. You will find him

a different painter here (and at Munich) from the hasty coverer of sprawling canvases whose exuberant dames you learned rather to dislike in Paris. With all his faults, all his fly-away seventeenth-century mannerisms and allegories, you will see Rubens in this gallery as a *grand seigneur* of art, dispensing colour with princely magnificence, and lavish in his ostentation of artistic opulence.

Then there is the *Plantin-Moretus Museum*, belonging to a famous family of early printers, which nobody should miss, and charmingly installed in its own sixteenth-century palace. These and many other sights make Antwerp rank fourth in interest among Belgian towns — a long way behind Bruges and Brussels, it is true, but still high in the scale of European art-cities.

Three lesser towns also deserve a visit from those who can spare time. *Ypres* has a magnificent Cloth Hall, and was a mighty manufacturing city in the fourteenth century; it can best be reached from Bruges or Ghent. *Louvain* is within half an hour's rail from Brussels; it has a noble Hôtel-de-Ville and a good church, with some of Dierick Bouts's masterpieces. *Malines*, with its splendid cathedral and nice old-world air, may best be seen on your way from Brussels to

Antwerp. Indeed, that is the most charming point about Belgium and Holland; the objects of interest lie so close together that you can spend the day in sight-seeing, and proceed by train — never exceeding an hour's journey — to the next town in the evening.

After Belgium, *Holland* falls flat. It has little early interest, and depends entirely for its effect upon seventeenth-century architecture and painting. You can skip Rotterdam; it is scarcely worth a visit, unless you have plenty of time, and are a sworn admirer of the minor Dutch painters. But you must stop a few days at *the Hague*, where costume, character, old brick houses, and quaint streets and palaces are all in their way delightful. The royal Picture Gallery is also the second collection in the world for the native Dutch school; it is rich in Rembrandts and Paul Potters, and you will probably learn in it for the first time to appreciate the merits of Jan Steen, Gerard Dow, Terburg, Hondekoeter, the Ruysdaels, and Van der Helst. Rembrandt's School of Anatomy and Paul Potter's Bull are the most famous pictures of the collection; but I say little of Dutch art because it is essentially modern; the spectator can see its meaning at sight for himself; it does not require explanation like the mediæval works of Belgium

and Italy. For the same reason I do not at present contemplate adding a Historical Guide to Holland to my series.

Pleasant *excursions* can be made from the Hague to the watering-place of *Scheveningen*, where Dutch costume is seen at its best, and to *Delft*, which is a capital example of a comparatively unspoilt old Dutch town.

Between the Hague and Amsterdam be sure you stop at *Leyden* and *Haarlem*. The first is a picturesque town, with more mediævalism surviving in it than is usual in Holland; the second is both quaint in itself and also indispensable for the study of Frans Hals, most of whose admirable portraits and portrait-pieces are here preserved. A day at each will serve to show you most of what is to be seen; but of course a much longer stay is needed for anything like a proper study of the buildings and the works of art contained in them.

The interest of *Amsterdam* is almost confined to its comprehensive Museum, though the town itself is curious in its way as a sort of dull and brick-built Northern Venice. The Museum is a hotch-potch of all arts and antiquities; but the only thing that need long detain the stranger is its splendid Picture Gallery, undoubtedly the noblest

collection of Dutch paintings in the world. The Rembrandts are unrivalled ; and the Van der Helsts run them closer than most critics are ready to admit.

Those who mean to spend much time in Europe will find many other things in Holland to interest them ; such as the curious "dead cities" of the Zuider Zee, and the ancient university town of Utrecht. More accessible from Amsterdam are the island of *Marken* in the Zuider Zee, which of late years has become (perhaps too much) a place of pilgrimage for tourists, because of its rather theatrical and studied quaintness ; and *Gouda*, whose ancient stained glass forms the best existing specimen of old Dutch art in that material. But on the whole, I do *not* advise the six-monthly visitor to spend too large a proportion of his time in Holland. It is so purely modern. If he desires to make acquaintance with the great Dutch painters, a day or two at the Hague, Haarlem, and Amsterdam will amply suffice for a first impression ; the rest is merely odd with a seventeenth-century oddity and picturesqueness ; I regard it as a dangerous Will-o'-the-wisp to lead the aspirant astray from what is really more important in Germany and Italy. Hurry on to the South, and then return if you choose. After you have learnt

what artistic wealth exists in Siena and Perugia — I do not say in Florence, Rome, and Venice — you can judge better for yourself whether it is worth your while to waste time on Alkmaar, Helder, or Groningen.

CHAPTER IX

THE RHINELAND

THE leisurely tourist, proceeding to Italy from Belgium or Holland, will find a stay of a week or two among the towns of the Rhineland both instructive and agreeable. It is the indispensable introduction to a German tour.

For the Rhineland is *histeric Germany*. Along that great water-way civilisation first penetrated in Roman times, and most of the existing towns of the chief importance show traces of having been formerly Roman stations. It is true one might say the same thing about London, York, and Lincoln, about Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles; and indeed the Roman remains of Southern France are far finer in some ways than any to be seen in any part of Germany. Trèves (or Trier) itself is but a poor thing compared with Nîmes, Orange, and Arles. They were populous cities: it was an outlying local centre. Yet it is important to bear in mind the fact that in the Rhineland at last we stand in the midst of a country once thoroughly

Romanised ; a country whence the intrusive barbarian never wholly ousted the lingering relics of Roman culture, as he did in England ; a country which when civilisation began to spread northward once more became the chief seat of Charlemagne's great West-European Empire. All that is oldest and best worth seeing for its native art in the region we now call Germany (save only Nuremberg) is to be found in and around the Rhineland — the noblest cathedrals, the finest churches, the thickest clustered castles, the most exquisite paintings. This alone is *mediæval Germany*. From it as a centre civilisation spread slowly with tentative steps to the surrounding uplands and to the half Slavonic border. Prussia and Saxony are late-comers in the comity of European nations ; the Rhineland alone is the real and original civilised Germany.

Here again, therefore, I must *enter a protest* against the serious mistake of making first for Berlin, Dresden, and Munich. These are not in any true sense Germany. *Berlin* is the artificial and complex capital of a brand-new modern Empire, built on soil which is hardly German save by adoption, and inhabited by a mixed race nearly half of whom are more Slav than Teuton. It has little of history, little of antiquity, belonging to its own

spot, truly local and native. Of late years, it is true, it has acquired many works of art of importance; but these are chiefly foreign, modern, or at least unconnected in origin and history with Berlin itself. The fact is, whatever interest the town possesses is more like that of an American city, with which you are already familiar, than that of an ancient European metropolis. Leave aside such places for the present at least, and concentrate yourself on what is most European, most original, most typical, — what is oldest in itself, and therefore to you newest. After seeing Italy, you can, if time remains to you, turn back to the recent collections of Berlin.

Dresden, again, is a rather modern town, with splendid art-collections, a great reputation as a (cheap) musical centre, and a somewhat greater air of antiquity than Berlin; but its best works of art are still Italian; and though you ought certainly to see it, if possible, before you return to America, I strongly advise you to put off visiting it till after you have explored Italy. For in Italy you will have learned where to place all its chief treasures; you will have discovered the historical sequence of the artists and their works, and you will appreciate Dresden ten thousand times better on your return than if you visit it on your way

South. Much the same thing is true of *Munich*, which you should also see, but *after Italy*. In one word, the interest of these two great art-towns of Germany is not German but cosmopolitan; the interest of the Rhineland is local and historical. Rome and Florence hold the keys of Dresden and Munich; Cologne and Mayence hold their own keys, which are the keys of Germany.

The Rhineland, then, is the beginning of Germany, the centre of Germany, the core of Germany, the historical Germany. It is the land of *Charlemagne*; and Charlemagne lies at the very root of all West-European culture. But you may say, "If so, why did you not advise us, in accordance with your usual evolutionary idea, to visit the Rhineland first, before Belgium and Holland, which clearly derive their prime impetus from it?" Well, that is my wisdom! Of course, if you were to push this evolutionary principle to its extreme, you would have to begin with the Greeks and Romans; or, if you want to be more thorough, with the Assyrians and Egyptians; or, if you insist on being quite broadly anthropological, with the palæolithic and neolithic savages. But thoroughness such as this is practically impossible; and what is more, it is undesirable. You will find it best in practice to begin with what is nearest to you and to your own

civilisation, — France and England; then go back to the Low Countries; and from the Low Countries proceed to the Rhineland, and so on Rome-wards. Each country, as you come to it, teaches you something, and on the whole your progress is backward, from the known to the unknown; I only plead that in each department you ought to *walk systematically*. England and France showed you the transition from the mediæval to the modern; Belgium showed you the mediæval in full blast; the Rhineland takes you back to the roots of the Middle Ages in the system of Charlemagne. Each step back helps to explain the steps you have already examined; but as you *must* begin somewhere, it is best to begin near your own civilisation. You thus get in the end a more connected picture.

On your way to the Rhine from Belgium or Holland, you must certainly stop at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, or Aachen, which derives its first name of Aix from the Roman Aquæ, “the Baths” or “the Waters,” and its second of “la-Chapelle” from the dome or mausoleum which Charlemagne erected to contain his own body. Here you can feel you are beginning to get back to the real roots of things. Aix is the ancient capital of the Teutonic Empire. Its origin goes back to the days of old Rome. When the Romans held

the Rhineland, with their colony at Cologne, they called this place Aquisgranum, that is to say, "the Mineral Waters," and resorted to it as a cure much as visitors do to the present day. When Charlemagne conquered and reunited the greater part of the Western Empire in his new Frankish realm, he made this his principal city north of the Alps, and erected in it the nucleus of the existing cathedral, one of the most historical buildings in modern Germany. Do not on any account neglect to see it. But the mausoleum which he thus built for his own remains, with fragments ransacked from older Roman towns, is an excellent example of the general principle I have just laid down; for you can only really understand the tomb of Charlemagne after you have seen Ravenna.

You must bear in mind that with the setting in of the decadence at Rome, *Ravenna* rose to be practically the chief city of Italy, and the seat of the fleet, which then almost replaced the army as a means of national protection. It was the capital of Honorius and the late Western Emperors of the last old Roman line; later still it was the capital of the Gothic kingdom of Italy, under Theodoric and his successors; and when the Byzantine emperors reconquered for a while the Adriatic

provinces, it became the seat of Justinian and the Exarchs from Constantinople. Naturally enough, therefore, when Charlemagne began to re-establish the Western Empire, it was to the still splendid buildings of Ravenna, glowing even now with gorgeous wealth of mosaics, that he looked first for models. When he decided to erect for himself a fitting mausoleum at his capital of Aix, it was the noble Church of *San Vitale* at Ravenna that he undertook to copy. This church itself was probably the court chapel of the Palace at Ravenna; it still stands, and is an octagon of great beauty, built in 526 by Archbishop Ecclesius, under the superintendence of Julius Argentarius, on the very spot where St. Vitalis, the local saint to whom it is dedicated, suffered martyrdom. It was consecrated in 547 by St. Maximian, and its glorious mosaics still present us the figures of that holy man himself, as well as of Justinian and Theodora, his patrons and sovereigns. On this fashionable model, then, the last masterpiece of decadent Roman art, Charlemagne built his own mausoleum, an imposing octagon of the Byzantine style, and practically the oldest modern building of importance in Germany. It shows us the transition from the older to the newer Roman Empire.

Charlemagne, however, as later ages knew him,

was not merely a great emperor and a wise administrator; he was also a *canonised saint*. He had been buried in his own mausoleum, built in part by Italian workmen; but being a saint, he was naturally not allowed to rest there forever. "Translation" is one of the penalties of saintship. Three centuries and a half after his death, the Emperor Otho III. opened the tomb to inspect the remains; and a century and a half later Frederick Barbarossa transferred the body to a splendid antique sarcophagus, still preserved in the church, though now empty. The slabs on which the holy form had previously lain were then made into a coronation chair for the emperors. In 1215 Frederick II. transferred the great emperor's remains to a reliquary of gold and silver, kept at present in the Cathedral treasury, where they receive even now the homage of the faithful. All round later Emperors share the repose of their canonised predecessor; and from the death of Charlemagne in 814 till the accession of Ferdinand I. in 1531, all the sovereigns of the Holy Roman Empire were duly crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle.

You will thus see how historically important is this ancient city, further details concerning which will appear in my HISTORICAL GUIDE TO THE RHINE, now in course of preparation.

The existing *Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle*, indeed, is a brief epitome of the history of Germany. Its nucleus consists of the Byzantine-Romanesque octagon built by Charlemagne, much altered in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: its choir is a beautiful Gothic work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; its fantastic roof is of the seventeenth century. The contents are equally varied with the fabric itself: a brazen she-wolf of the Roman period; a pine-cone of the tenth century; columns of various ages, brought hither from Rome, Trèves, and Ravenna; ancient sarcophagi and mediæval reliquaries, — in short, a stratified collection of the antiquities of the Rhineland. For all these reasons, you must not omit Aix-la-Chapelle; it is the proper introduction to the study of modern European art and history — the first chapter of Modern Europe.

Cologne is the next stage, and it deserves to be visited on many accounts, but chiefly as *the cradle of German painting*.

Do not hurry over Cologne; it is a town with many claims on your close attention. It is rich in antiquities, rich in churches, rich in pictures; don't suppose (as most people do) that when you have just visited the Cathedral once you have "done Cologne;" on the contrary, this ancient

and artistic town needs to be studied far more thoroughly than anything you have yet seen, save Brussels, Bruges, and Paris.

Not that I mean to slight *the Cathedral*; it is the natural centre of mediæval Cologne, and round it cluster the art and the handicraft of the Rhineland. But you will make a great mistake if you regard it merely as a great church and the seat of an archbishop. You must read yourself quite otherwise into mediæval religion if you wish really to understand the Middle Ages. Cologne Cathedral is, above all things, the *Shrine of the Three Kings*; and the Three Kings were the chief objects of reverence in all the Rhineland before the Reformation revolutionised thought on these subjects almost as much for Catholics as for Protestants. To go to Cologne was to make a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Magi; and it was to glorify that shrine that most of the works of art the town contains were originally fashioned.

The Magi who visited Christ in his infancy at Bethlehem were early described as Kings, and made three in number, in accordance with a supposed prophetic utterance in the seventy-second Psalm; they are already represented in royal barbaric garb, and given their mediæval names of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar in a mosaic of Theodoric the Goth

at Ravenna. Their bones were discovered by that great unearther of relics, St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine (who also found the True Cross), and carried by her to Constantinople. Thence they were taken later to Milan, their stay in that town making the Adoration of the Magi a favourite subject for art throughout the Lombard region. When Frederick Barbarossa stormed and destroyed Milan, ruining almost every ancient building in the city, in 1162, he presented the remains of the Three Kings to Archbishop Reinald von Dassel, who took them to Cologne. There the Archbishop placed them in the little Romanesque cathedral of that period, long since destroyed. But succeeding Archbishops felt that the relics of the Three Kings deserved a lordlier setting; St. Engelbert, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, set on foot the movement for a better church; and in 1248 Conrad von Hochstaden laid the foundation stone of the present sumptuous building, the largest and most famous of Gothic edifices.

Now, why do I tell you all this here at such length? Because, as I go on in this book, I am trying to put you gradually more and more into the proper frame of mind for understanding and appreciating the inner spirit of Europe. If you

arrive at Cologne, merely knowing that there is a great cathedral there, and then are told how it was begun at such-and-such a date by such-and-such an architect, and finished in our own day by the Emperor William, and that it is so many feet long, and so many high, and bears such-and-such a proportion — I do not know what, and I do not care — to St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's in London, well, you are no nearer than you were to understanding and sympathising with this epic in stone, this vast imaginative work of the Middle Ages. You must consider it from the point of view of the people who built it. And they built it in honour of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, the three saints of Cologne, whose names men still bear in the valley of the Rhine far more frequently than in all the rest of Europe. And in the chief recess behind the High Altar of the mighty minster they placed in the seat of honour the bones of the ancient saints in the *Chapel of the Three Kings*; where you may see to this day the beautiful gilded bronze relief of the Adoration of the Magi. And all round lie Bishops and Electors and Queens, who desired that their dust should slumber by the sacred bones; amongst them, the heart of Marie de Médicis. And all along the Rhine valley, where men made pilgrimage to the

shrine at Cologne (as at Basle and elsewhere) you will find the Three Kings is the commonest sign of the ancient hostelryes. But the bones of the Magi themselves are no longer laid in the sumptuous chapel prepared to hold them ; they, and the gorgeous golden Romanesque reliquary in which they were placed shortly after their arrival in Cologne, are now preserved for safer keeping in the Treasury of the Cathedral. And those are the really important facts which it behoves you to know beforehand about the Dom at Cologne, the final resting-place of the Three Magi.

To the mediæval Parisian, Paris was not so much the capital of the French kings as the home of Ste. Geneviève and the shrine of St. Denis. To the mediæval Kölner, Cologne was not so much a great trading city as the shrine of the Kings from the East who went by the guiding light of the star to Bethlehem.

But Cologne has other saints scarcely less important, — *St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins* and *St. Gereon and the Martyrs of the Theban Legion*. Each has his or her own church, very interesting churches too, which you must by no means neglect ; worth six weeks apiece of London or modern Paris. Then there is the famous *Dom-bild* in the Cathedral, the masterpiece of Meister

Stephan, a large winged triptych, which combines all three great local cults, having in the centre the Adoration of the Magi, and on either side, St. Gereon with his knights, and St. Ursula with her maidens. It is the finest work of the early German school, and it shows you at a glance the chief assemblage of worshipful personages in the Cologne of the early fifteenth century.

Of the other *paintings* in Cologne I will not say much; but this I will say: you must stop long enough to understand the art of the *Cologne School*, which you can best do by visiting the Cathedral and the two Museums (Municipal and Archiepiscopal) with the aid of Sir Martin Conway's admirable little work on "The Early Flemish Artists and their Precursors on the Lower Rhine." This book you should take with you round Belgium and the Rhineland, and you will find it an unfailing source of interest and instruction.

And now I hope you are beginning to perceive the things which you must bear in mind while perambulating Europe.

A week may be pleasantly spent *at Cologne*; you will find it much richer than you at first anticipate. But by the end of that time you will want to go on up the river; a charming trip, to be made leisurely by steamer.

Don't rush *the Rhine* in a day. Loiter about and see the pleasant drives in the Seven Mountains; the ruins of the Drachenfels and the many quaint castles and old German towns on the way to Coblenz, which is itself comparatively uninteresting. Below Coblenz comes the most picturesque and castle-studded part of the river; but before you pass on to it, I strongly advise you to turn aside to *Trèves* (or Trier), a few hours by rail, where you will first come across Roman remains of any importance. The town is now a living museum. Its great Roman gate, the *Porta Nigra*, its Basilica, and its Roman Palace give it exceptional interest; while its noble and ancient churches of the transitional period between the ancient and the modern world are beautiful in themselves, and rich in the possession of the sacred heads of St. Matthew the Apostle and the Empress Helena. Do not imagine because I say little of *Trèves* that it is not important. Stretch a point to visit it if possible, and you will feel you have now got to the very bottom stratum, the bed-rock of Germany.

The *Gorge of the Rhine* from Coblenz to Bingen is extremely pretty, and crammed thick with castles. A day or two spent in exploring it, especially at *Boppard*, *St. Goar*, *Bacharach*, and *Bingen*, will not be thrown away. At Bingen, take train to *Mainz*,

or Mayence, an interesting old town. Thence you may proceed *via* Frankfort or Darmstadt or *Heidelberg* to Basle. I do not propose to give you any special hints for this itinerary. You can, if you like, see the Black Forest on the way; and I have purposely omitted many interesting intermediate points, such as *Speyer* and *Strasbourg*. But you cannot see all Germany at once; and my advice to you on a first trip to Europe at least would be this, — see Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, the Rhine to Mainz, and Trèves, and you will then have seen what is most important for purposes of culture. On a second visit you can fill up the gaps; and even on your first you had better leave Munich, Dresden, nay, Nuremberg itself (because it fits in with them so well), till your return from Italy.

Italy, Italy! Press on to Italy! Till you have seen it, you can only half understand what Europe is driving at.

CHAPTER X

SWITZERLAND, ETC.

BETWEEN the Rhineland and Italy lie *the Alps*; and, one way or another, you will have to get over them.

When I say this, is it necessary for me to add that I do not desire to disparage Switzerland? To us Europeans, of course (if I may pose as European), it is, to use a well-worn phrase, *the playground of Europe*; we love its rich pastures, its dark green pine-woods, its brawling white torrents, its snow-clad peaks, its subtle depths of crystal glacier. To us, it is the symbol of six weeks' relaxation in the afternoon of the year from the smoky drudgery of London, the feverish excitement of Paris, the fierce whirl of factory wheels, the dead atmosphere of the music-hall. We all love it, and love it with justice; for it is the most beautiful thing unaided nature has to show us in this beautiful continent. I could gush about Switzerland if I chose; why, its gentians alone are worth months of Mayfair; but I purposely refrain. This is not the place or

the time for gushing. I have undertaken to guide your steps aright through Europe ; and I must not allow my own private taste for mountains, flowers, waterfalls, and earth-sculpture to distract me now from the things that are more excellent to the American visitor.

For I recognise that to the American tourist Switzerland, beautiful as it is, is *a snare and a misleader*. Once get yourself lost among the depths of those mountain meadows in May, and I almost despair of ever pulling you down to Florence and Venice. I remember once how after a spring in North Italy, we went about the time when the pheasant-eye narcissus stars the Alpine fields, and the globe-flower gilds them, to Lucerne and Lugano. I thought to myself, " Well, now at least, after Carpaccio and Luini, mere hills and snow-fields and torrents will seem tame to us ! " But when we got upon the hill-tops — oh, heavens, how I repented that sudden blasphemy ! The snow glittered in the sun ; the lakes lay spread in sheets of blue below ; the air was heavy with the mountain perfume of the sweet-scented daphne ; and Italy faded like a dream behind us. We were up among God's mountains, stretched on God's flowery carpet, and man's works were as naught in the dim plains to southward.

That was a momentary lapse into something like poetry ! Forgive me ! Let us return to our practical duties as guide, and eschew the gentians.

Well, once at Basle, I take it for granted the tourist will wish to gain at least *a passing glimpse of Switzerland*. But though Switzerland is so lovely that the hardest-hearted man can scarcely dash through it at one burst by an express train, I take it for granted also that most American tourists will merely regard it as part of the way to Italy. For Italy is the goal ; and Switzerland must be taken as merely subsidiary to that prime intention.

I will therefore treat my Swiss hints essentially as hints for *the route to Italy*. Diverge if you like to right or left for the scenery and the mountains ; but let the main road to Italy govern your divagations. If what you want is to see Switzerland itself, well and good : I approve your decision : but — you are not my client.

We have arrived at Basle, I think. Very well ; let Basle itself wait for the moment while we pause to reflect on *the various modes of approaching Italy*.

There is one route which I can unreservedly counsel you to reject — and that is the one most frequently taken, the shortest, quickest, deadlullest, and least instructive of any : I mean the

weary way from Paris to Turin by Dijon and *the Mont Cenis*. From beginning to end, this objectionable line chucks away (there is no other word for it) all the interest and beauty and delight of the trip. It substitutes a dreary weary railway journey for what ought to be one of the treats of existence. You should approach Italy joyously, reverently. If you take the Mont Cenis route, you will approach it dusty, cross, and tired. Travellers by this line — the Paris, Lyon, Méditerranée — are hurried first through the dismal plain of Central and Eastern France, which is a weariness to the flesh, to Dijon and the frontier. The whole of this great plain, which alone they pass through by daylight, is ghastly in its ugliness; unenclosed fields, threaded by long white poplar-bordered roads: the only redeeming point is to be found in the outliers of the Jura. After a long and tedious day, cooped up in a box with nine other sufferers, you reach the Alps — by night. The route across them, by the Mont Cenis, is by far the least beautiful of all the great Alpine lines: it manages to show you as little as possible of the glories of the mountains, even by day; and you can only arrange to cross by day by breaking the journey somewhere most inconveniently. Then you descend on the other side to Turin, which is

the barest, squarest, least characteristic of Italian cities, and by far the least interesting. In one word, you approach Italy by this route *through the back door*. Unless you are pressed for time, or have arranged the rest of your tour so as to compel this undesirable mode of entry, I would say to you most emphatically, *avoid the Mont Cenis*.

On the other hand, if you *must* go that way (and many rush headlong to their own destruction), I will add, by all means stop *en route* at *Dijon*. It is an interesting town, rather Burgundian than pure French; and if you have already visited the Low Countries, it will be full of instruction for you. Then try to get *a day train* on over the mountains. The French side of the line is comparatively poor, and no part of the route can hold a candle to the St. Gotthard; but the descent on the Italian side is through the beautiful valley of Susa, which ought to be seen, if possible, by daylight. A day or two may be profitably spent at *Turin* in examining the buildings and the excellent picture gallery; only, remember that this is not the real Italy, this is merely Piedmont; and the collection is a scratch one, not truly local, and owing most of its value, indeed, to northern pictures. You will not have bought this book in vain if it only dissuades you from the very

false step of entering Italy first by way of Turin.

The second of the great routes to Italy, and the one to be *on all accounts recommended*, for comfort, for beauty of scenery, and for historic interest, is undoubtedly *the St. Gotthard*. This line is in itself the most beautiful bit of rail in Europe; and it wholly beguiles the toil of the journey by the loveliness of its scenery. You forget you are travelling in the delight of looking out of the broad plate-glass windows at the green cataracts of the Reuss or the castled hillocks of the Ticino. If you approach it by the Rhine, too, you will also have got rid of the dull French plain, and had nothing but pleasant scenery from start to finish—the Belgian towns, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, the turreted crags of the Rhine gorge, the Black Forest, Switzerland, the Italian Lakes, and last of all, Milan. This is *the ideal route*. If possible, take it.

I will describe the Gotthard road more fully in the sequel; for the present I go on to consider the two remaining railway routes to Italy. Both are a little out of the way, but both are scenically interesting.

The road by *the Riviera* is simply delightful in autumn, winter, and spring; but it is emphatically

a way for the leisurely traveller. It takes two or three days at least of somewhat slow trains, with no expresses at all on the Italian portion. But it is full of interest, second only to that of the St. Gotthard. You can stop first at *Dijon*, and then at *Lyons*, which has little of interest. *Avignon* shows you the old Palace of the Popes, in a wonderful land of rock and dry soil. *Arles* is rich in Roman remains, and has the finest Romanesque church and cloisters I have ever seen. A little detour will take you to *Nîmes*, with the noblest classical buildings on the far side of the Alps; each of these three is well worth a visit. Then on to *Marseilles*, and so by the *French Riviera* to *Cannes*, *Nice*, *Monaco*, *Monte Carlo*, and *Mentone*. It cannot be denied that this is one of the loveliest sunny coasts in the world, but it is somewhat deficient in works of art and antiquity. I recommend it more for those who wish to spend the winter with pleasant surroundings in a moderately warm climate than for the passing tourist.

Continuing the same route beyond the Italian frontier (which is passed at the ever-to-be-avoided custom-house of Ventimiglia), we follow much the same beautiful coast along the *Riviera di Ponente* as far as *Genoa*. It is a succession of pictures. *Bordighera*, *San Remo*, and *Alassio* are here the chief

centres of interest ; all of them are supplied with good hotels for a lengthy stay, and are enjoyable quarters. The whole of this Riviera, indeed, is extremely charming, with its deep blue bays, its rocky islets, its high green olive-clad or pine-crowned promontories, and its crowded white villages gleaming in the sun among orange and lemon groves. But it is merely picturesque ; — no more : though old-world and delightful, it lacks the higher humanising elements of European interest.

All these routes, — Mont Cenis, Gotthard, Riviera, — from one point of view, unite at *Genoa*, whence I will trace them later, *via* the Riviera di Levante, to Rome or Florence.

The second of the two less important entrances into Italy is that by *the Brenner*. This pleasant and attractive route takes off from the Rhine trip at Mayence or Heidelberg, whence one can proceed in one long dull day through squalid Bavaria to *Munich*. There, in that delightful little pocket capital, you may stop as long as desirable ; and then continue through the exquisite wooded hills of *the Bavarian Highlands* into *the Austrian Tyrol*. The first stop may be made at *Innsbruck*, which is not only a splendid centre for Alpine excursions, but also a picturesque town with great historical and artistic attractions. The Tomb of the Empe-

ror Maximilian in the principal church, guarded by the Renaissance bronze statues of his real or mythical ancestors, will be interesting to every one, but especially to those who have seen Bruges, Ghent, and Brussels. The line over the Brenner proper, though lacking the supreme interest of the unapproachable St. Gotthard, is still particularly beautiful with a quiet mountainous beauty, seldom rising to distinct grandeur. On the southern slope, but still well within Austrian territory, a day or two may be pleasantly passed at *Botzen* and *Meran*, the latter of which lies a little way off the main route, but is a most characteristic and well-preserved Tyrolese city. The national costumes are here worn more commonly than elsewhere, and the castles around, especially the magnificent Romanesque Schloss Tyrol, are well worth a visit. From Botzer, you can descend the valley of the Etsch or Adige in one day to *Verona*, where you will find yourself at once in the very heart of true Italy.

But *I do not recommend the Brenner route*, either, to the visitor who approaches Italy for the first time. It is a little too much out of the way, and it interpolates Munich at a wrong place in the system. Moreover, Verona is quite too Italian to form a good first introduction to Italy. You must be somewhat Italianate already before you can

appreciate it. On the whole, I advise you rather to *return north from Italy by this route*, which leads you conveniently by gradual stages to *Munich, Nuremberg, and Dresden*. That, moreover, is the proper historical order of evolution : you will then follow civilisation in the Eastern Alps northward through the Tyrol to mediæval and modern Germany.

My general advice to you, then, is strongly this — *reach Italy first by the Rhine and the St. Gotthard*. If you follow this course, I feel sure you will never regret it.

Before I return to Basle, however, and set out upon our route from that town to Milan, I ought to add that *if* you have time and money, one of the very best ways of entering Italy — perhaps *the* best way — is not by any of these four railway routes at all, which alone I have been considering, — the St. Gotthard, the Mont Cenis, the Riviera, and the Brenner, — but by one or other of *the mountain passes*, accessible only to diligences, post-cars, cyclists, or pedestrians. In this manner you descend upon Italy naturally, so to speak ; you understand what the Alps were to earlier ages. You toil up the slope of the mountain range on one side, among the trees, the fields, the crops, the buildings, the tongues of the North ; you descend on the other upon the vineyards, the chestnut

groves, the campaniles, the churches, the painted villas of the Italian region. Undoubtedly this is the most effective way of breaking into Italy ; you see it then as the early conquerors, the mediæval pilgrims saw it ; and the reality of the great barrier is far more present to you than if you pierce the Alps by the mean modern subterfuge of a tunnel. But to go over *the Simplon* or *the Splügen*, you need good legs or good money ; and I do not think the class of travellers who would contemplate this best of all entrances into Italy are likely to need my aid in the matter. I write mostly for the general public, who are perforce content to put up with a seat in a crowded railway carriage. For those who prefer and are able to choose the more picturesque carriage road, I will add a word or two lower down in this chapter.

Let it be granted, then, as Euclid would say, that the tourist has decided upon a general plan of campaign by which he enters the Alpine region at *Basle*, and quits it at *Milan* ; which two towns, even if he decide upon a mountain pass over the main range, are really the best points of departure and destination. Let us follow him out next from one to the other.

Basle itself is a good place to stop at, both for its historic Cathedral, and because it is the town

where you can most easily and conveniently study at one fell swoop the works of Hans Holbein. The Belgian galleries will already have led you up to Holbein's place in the evolution of art, and you will have seen his handicraft sparingly represented both there and in the Louvre ; but you will now be able to gauge his productions more fairly, and you will afterwards piece out the idea you now form of him when you find yourself later at Dresden and Darmstadt. Build up your knowledge as you go, — that is the great principle ; and if you set to work in the proper order (which it is my task to point out to you), you will build it up far better and more securely than by hap-hazard touring.

From Basle you can do pretty much as you like with regard to a preliminary *Swiss tour* ; consult on this point the invaluable Baedeker. (I take it for granted you have him always with you.) One good way is to go to *Berne*, and then take a short tour through *the Bernese Oberland* — *Grindelwald*, *Mürren*, the Lakes of *Thun* and *Brienze*, and over the *Brunig* to the *Lake of Lucerne*, which will give you a good glimpse of what Switzerland means ; five or six days would suffice for a hurried glance at this route, though of course if you want to climb an accessible height or two you must take much longer. (I need hardly say I am not writing for

mountaineers; they will naturally go quite elsewhere for information.) Or you may take a wider sweep through the same district, including the *Lake of Geneva*; or you may diverge eastward by *Zurich* and the *Uetliberg*. These minor tours must needs be left to the taste and fancy (and purse) of the individual; they involve no principle.

If, however, you feel rather disposed to cut Switzerland short, which is hard, but your duty, then the simplest thing is to go direct from Basle to Lucerne; and if you do this by daylight (which I recommend), you will see *en route* one of the loveliest bits of the Jura. *Lucerne* will doubtless detain you a few days, — a charming old German town, with its ancient walls, its tower in the water, its numerous turrets, its covered bridges, and its exquisite views over the lake and mountains. Oh, how can one find words for it! Even if you are hurrying through, too, you must at least spare time to go up the *Rigi* and *Pilatus*. Both command magnificent panoramic views, — *Pilatus* the finer, — and both can be climbed either by the human legs or, if that be too much, by a cog-wheel railway. Endless other delightful excursions may be made from the same centre; I recommend those to the *Bürgenstock* and to *Sonnenberg*. Steamers ply down all the arms of the lake, and

afford innumerable opportunities for lesser outings. Altogether, Lucerne is a delicious place to stop in, especially in early spring or late autumn; in the height of the season, it tends to become a genial pandemonium of mixed tourists.

When you have seen enough (or not enough) of the Bernese Oberland or of the Lucerne district, you may begin to think of getting *forward for Italy*. And here I advise you *not* to start by train from Lucerne; take the steamer instead up the lake to Fluelen, and there join the St. Gotthard line to Goeschenen and Airolo. A single day will see you through by daylight (if necessary) from *Lucerne to Milan*. But I rather charge you to break it as will be described hereafter. The Gotthard line runs up the ravine-like valley of the Reuss, a foaming torrent of Alpine glacier water, deep green in the pools, breaking to white in the cataracts; and so up to Goeschenen, where the train enters the great tunnel. It emerges at Airolo in the valley of the Ticino on the southern side, but still in Switzerland. The line itself is so curious and so wonderfully engineered with its corkscrew tunnels that you should follow it all the way with the excellent maps and plans in Baedeker. Though I have crossed it myself dozens of times, I watch it each time to this day with never-failing pleasure.

Indeed, the route is so varied and so beautiful, with the changeful beauty of lake and river, green alp and snowy mountain, hill-top church and mouldering castle,—so rich in contrasts of North and South, of Italy and Germany, that however often you see it you have no time to get tired. This, of all the railway routes, is *the right road into Italy*.

Beyond Airolo, you descend by various gorges the valley of *the Ticino*, which brawls in cascades, now to the right, now to the left of you. After passing Bellinzona, with its historic three towers,—memorials of the days when the three Forest Cantons enslaved the poor Italian population of what is now the Canton Ticino,—you catch a momentary glimpse of the *Lago Maggiore*. Thence two or three variants of the route lie equally open to you, which I will describe more fully in the next chapter on the Italian Lakes. Here I will only say that if you are pressed for time, you will doubtless hasten on to *Lugano* and Milan; but if you have leisure at your disposal, you will more likely decide to linger a little among the Italian Lakes, as they are always called, though part of them are politically half Swiss, half Italian.

For the moment, let us say, we sleep this night at Lugano.

As to *pedestrians or carriage company*, I will only

add that those who mean to go over *the Simplon* must diverge from this route by the Lake of Geneva, and leave the railway system at Brieg; while those who intend to try *the Splügen* must take off at Coire, regaining the rail at Chiavenna, near the Lake of Como. The first route brings you down most conveniently to Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore; by the second, you reach the Lake of Como at Colico, whence you can proceed by steamer to Bellagio and Como, of both which more in my next chapter.

The advice most impressed upon the general tourist as to Switzerland may be briefly summed up thus — from *Basle to Milan by Lucerne and the Gotthard*, with a digression, if you like, to the Bernese Oberland.

CHAPTER XI

THE THRESHOLD OF ITALY

ITALY! Italy! Here we are, at last, in Italy! One can hardly even write the words without a thrill. For when you come to know it, you will feel, as I do, that *every day spent out of Italy is wasted.*

In Italy, I say, though we are only at *Lugano*, which is nominally and politically Switzerland. But the arcaded streets, the gay bright villas, the faces of the people, the aspect of nature, above all, the *Luinis* in the church by the Lake, will show you at once that though the soil may be Swiss, the atmosphere is Italian.

And now we must really have a word or two together about *our route through Italy*. We must decide our future plans while we loiter, lotus-eating, among the lovely Italian Lakes. On this point I will speak with no uncertain voice. One course alone lies plain before you. *Go first to Milan, and then straight to Florence!*

My reasons for this advice I will detail to you at the end of this chapter (no: in the next: but see

later); meanwhile, let us discuss our more immediate plans; and while you are dallying about this region of lake and mountain, you will have time to perpend the counsel I give you. Read through Chapters XI. and XII. before you go to Milan.

Roughly speaking, there are three main *Italian Lakes*, *Maggiore*, *Lugano*, and *Como*, though there are also many minor sheets, like *Varese* and *Orta*. (I put *Garda* aside in a separate category.) On a first visit you may safely confine yourself to these three larger ones. Once more, let me beg you not to aim at seeing too much, lest you carry away with you a phantasmagoric nightmare in place of an orderly and well-remembered picture.

The *Gotthard line*, by which you have presumably descended on the threshold of Italy, boldly disregards the basins of the three chief lakes, and cuts across from one to the other of them with engineering hardihood. If you run straight through from *Lucerne* to *Milan* (which, unless you are very hard pressed for time, I would dissuade you from doing) you come down the valley of the *Ticino* into the *Lago Maggiore*; but no sooner do you get a good view of the lake spread out before you than you dart off at an angle and begin to mount again the steep mountain ridge that separates that basin from the *Lugano* system. You next reach the

Lake of Lugano, near the town after which it is called, cross over it on a viaduct, and then skirt it agreeably for the rest of its expanse, leaving it abruptly at the farther end for the ridge which divides it from the *Lake of Como*. This last you just spy near the town of Como, and then make away incontinently across the hills and the Lombard plain to *Milan*.

But you will probably want to see something more than this passing glimpse of so beautiful a region. My general advice to you, then, as to the management of this part of your tour would be as follows. Do not go through to Lugano at all, but *book at Lucerne for Locarno* on the *Lago Maggiore*. A branch line of the Gotthard will carry you from Bellinzona (on the main through route) across a marshy plain to Locarno. There sleep one night at least, and then take the steamer down the lake to *Pallanza*. This is a charming trip, and as you enter Italy meanwhile, the custom-house examination takes place on board, which saves much trouble. At Pallanza you can spend a day or two, getting accustomed to the outer form of Italy, — the body, so to speak, for the soul is not here; the soul is at Florence, Venice, Verona, Siena, Pisa. Pleasant excursions by boat will carry you to *Baveno*, *Stresa*, the *Borromean Islands*, *Intra*, and half a dozen

charming and picturesque little churches perched high among the mountains. When you have had enough of Pallanza, take the steamer to *Luino* and the rail to *Ponte Tresa* on the *Lake of Lugano*. Thence a steamboat trip of exquisite beauty will land you at last at *Lugano town*; a capital place for a day or two of exploration. In the Luinis of the waterside church you will catch your first passing hint of the soul of Italy; but you will not understand them yet; wait till you have seen Milan. Then there is the *Monte San Salvatore* to ascend (by rail if you prefer it) with an admirable view into the endless arms of the blue lake beneath; while a little farther off is the *Monte Generoso*, perhaps the finest Alpine prospect accessible to the non-climber, for this too can be reached by the ubiquitous cog-wheel railway. You will be tempted to stay long at Lugano, no doubt: but you must harden your heart to resist the temptation. The soul of Italy beckons with its spectral hand in the background.

From Lugano, take the steamer to *Menaggio* at one of the upper ends of the many-branched lake, and thence zigzag your way by the beautiful little mountain railway, one of the loveliest lines in the world, across the high ridge to *Menaggio* on the *Lake of Como*. (I am astonished at myself that I

can write of it all with such mere guide-book coolness.) From Menaggio, cross by the steamer over the lake to *Bellagio* (only one *g*, if you please, Mr. Printer); and there stop as long as time will permit you. Or rather, tear yourself away as soon as you are able to bear the wrench; for Bellagio is one of the Paradises of Europe. You can make endless trips up and down the lake, to Dongo and Musso and other picturesquely dirty vine-trellised villages; and you will here learn at least to love the soil of Italy. Make this trip in autumn, if possible, when the grapes are ripe; that is the time to see at its best the rich rural loveliness of the overgrown lake-region.

From Bellagio take the steamer down the lake to *Como*, and thence on to *Milan*. This is the ideal tour of the Italian Lakes, and if you adopt it you will thank me for sketching it out for you.

At *Como* you may see the Cathedral, if you like; but how can I advise you? We are now *in real Italy*, and at every step *objects of interest cluster so thick* that I hardly know how to choose between them for you. You cannot possibly see all (unless you intend to devote a lifetime to Italy — as indeed why should n't you?) therefore I must needs make some selection for you. Let me illustrate this painful *embarrassment of riches* by the

case of the route from Como to Milan. And please bear in mind that here I am *not* telling you to go and see these things but rather to forego them. Well, between Como and Milan you have a choice of two ways, each of which will take you past a place of immense artistic interest,—and you must stop for neither. One is the Gotthard main line, which goes by *Monza*, where there is a Gothic Lombard Cathedral of the fourteenth century, erected on the site of Queen Theodolind's far earlier sixth-century barbaric building. For Monza was Queen Theodolind's town, the royal city of the Lombard conquerors of North Italy; and in the Cathedral you might still see her sarcophagus (if I would allow you) and learn from the frescoes how she burned the nails of Christ into her head red-hot. The Iron Crown of the Lombards which Theodolind formed from the nail preserved by the Empress Helena may still be seen here; a hoop of gold encircles the sacred relic, and has girt the foreheads of many Emperors, real or false, including Charles V., Ferdinand of Austria, and Napoleon I. The treasury is rich in similar ancient relics; but you have no time to see them. The alternative route takes you past *Saronno*, where is a famous Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, in which Luini is said to have taken refuge

after a homicide in self-defence, and for which he painted perhaps his finest series of frescoes. These frescoes are among the loveliest things of their sort in Italy ; but if you turn aside to see them, there will be no end to it. You will spend the rest of your life between here and Florence, and totter in, at last, a gray-haired man, to die of old age at Siena.

So I say it sternly : go straight on from Bellagio or Como or Lugano to Milan.

And how about *Milan* ? Well, it is the fashion with picturesque-loving tourists to sneer at Milan, because it happens to have tolerably broad streets and a modern municipality. Item, it is also comparatively sanitary for an Italian city ; and it certainly lacks as a whole the quaint charm and attractiveness of Verona or Padua. If you listen to the average traveller who has "done" Milan in a day, you will learn that it has nothing of interest except its Cathedral. That is about as superficial a view as you could well take of it ; it reminds me of a friend who could not occupy himself for more than three days in Paris. I have visited Milan a round dozen of times at least, revelling in its antiquity : and each time I desire to make my visit longer than the last one.

To me, indeed, the Cathedral is the least among the joys of Milan. The town is a *museum of art*

and history ; and the environs are simply alive with architecture, painting, and antiquarian interest.

I am not writing a guide to Milan, however ; I even doubt whether I shall ever reach that point in my series ; I am simply trying to put you at the *proper point of view* for seeing it. Milan, then, appeals to you most as the first really Italian town of importance you have entered ; the place where you may begin to understand Italy, or rather, to catch some first vague hint of her loveliness, her loveableness. *Mediolanum* was a Gaulish town before it was a Roman one ; and it has always been the capital of the broad plain of Lombardy, the only really rich district in Italy. Yet it contains comparatively little of Roman antiquity, because it was wholly destroyed in 1162 by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa ; on which occasion, as you will remember I told you, he conveyed the Three Magi, or what remained of them, to his city of Cologne. It is the great advantage of a European tour that facts like these are always thus cropping up again in fresh places ; you learn history without knowing it, by dint of coming across the self-same person in ten different connections. Almost the only relic of ancient Roman Milan that has survived this destruction by the Redbeard Emperor is a group of sixteen Corinthian columns

near the Porta Ticinese. If I were personally conducting a party of tourists round Milan *à la* Cook (and I can imagine nothing more delightful), I would take them first to see those columns, in order to make them understand that the spot on which we stand is classic ground, — a city of remote and prehistoric antiquity, now wholly overlaid by a mediæval Renaissance, and modern conglomeration.

Yet there are no small remains of a Milan only just post-classic; for Frederick Barbarossa spared a few churches. And this intermediate period between the old and new worlds, of which you may have caught faint glimpses already at Aix and in the Rhine Country, is one of the most delightfully romantic points about Europe. There is the old church of *San Lorenzo*, for instance — originally, it is believed, a palace of the fourth century, and octagonal in shape, like Charlemagne's mausoleum. Here for the first time, in the chapel of St. Aquilinus, you will come across early Christian mosaics of the sixth and seventh centuries; while close by lies the sarcophagus of the founder of the church, the Gothic king Ataulph, whom readers of Gibbon will no doubt remember under the eighteenth-century disguise of "Adolphus." Still more interesting is the other old church of *Sant' Ambrogio*, founded by St. Ambrose

in the fourth century, in order to contain the bones of those very apocryphal saints, Protasius and Gervasius, whose whereabouts was revealed to him by the extremely unsatisfactory medium of a dream. The courtyard or atrium still follows the lines of the old building; the existing edifice is somewhat later — Romanesque twelfth century — but it contains amongst other delicious things a marvellous High Altar, a few beautiful reliefs, and a number of mosaics of earlier date than the existing building. It is this mixture of ages that is so delightful at Sant' Ambrogio; for side by side with these ancient Christian works stand glorious frescoes by Luini, Gaudenzio Ferrari, and Lanini. I cannot describe it all — I wish I might, for Italy carries one away. I can only say, that one church of St. Ambrose is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. Nothing of interest in Milan! Why, the old stone outside the church where the Lombard kings took the coronation oath in the ancient fashion, is in itself a wonder. As for the early Christian remains, they are worth five ordinary northern minsters.

After mouldering churches like these, the exquisite white marble *Cathedral* itself looks painfully modern. It is beautiful, of course, but it is not the most important thing to see in Milan; far from

it. It belongs to a late and sophisticated age of Gothic; its architecture is not pure; its sculpture is largely modern; and its façade has been defaced by a tasteless and incongruous set of Renaissance doorways. Only people who mistake bigness for greatness could ever think the Cathedral the greatest sight of Milan. It resembles too much a vast triumph of confectionery, — one of those white iced cakes which stand as advertisements in the pastry-cook's window. And having said this much against it, I may add *per contra* that it is one of the loveliest buildings in the world: its roof is unique in its way, and truly marvellous; and its interior (if only one can forget the imitation painted fret-work of the ceiling) is extremely impressive. You must see the Cathedral, of course; it is a sight to see: but for heaven's sake don't go away and suppose that seeing the Cathedral is seeing Milan.

No; the things to see in Milan are the glorious old churches, and, above all, *the pictures*. I do not mean the ruined fresco of the *Last Supper*, which most visitors go to look at with pious care because they understand it was once Leonardo da Vinci's, and because they have been told (quite rightly) that Leonardo is one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived on our planet. The *Last Supper* is a Leonardo no doubt, the finest thing Leonardo

ever painted; but as scarcely anything remains of it save a few mouldering outlines, I do not regard it now as a sight of the first importance. But *the Brera!* At the Brera you will get your first glorious glimpse of Italian painting on Italian soil; you will see the whole wealth of the Lombard school displayed before you; you will admire the frescoes by Luini, Foppa, Bramantino, and Gaudenzio Ferrari, sawn out of Lombard churches; you will learn to know Borgognone, and Bernardino de' Conti, and the old Milanese painters, as well as the later group of half Florentine artists who took their inspiration from the visitor Leonardo. The Brera alone takes weeks to see thoroughly.

And here let me impress upon you one good general principle: while you are at Milan, *devote yourself especially to the Milanese and Lombard artists and artificers.* You will find at the Brera many exquisite works of other schools, pre-eminent among which is Raphael's *Sposalizio*, the loveliest and sweetest work of his Peruginesque period, before the Renaissance spoiled him. Now, this is undoubtedly the most famous picture in the collection; and it is the habit of the careless tourist, who is governed by mere names, and has read his guide-book, to walk with a casual glance to right and left through the vestibule containing the price-

less and unique works of the Lombard fresco painters; then to stroll with an approving but condescending eye through the rooms devoted to the Venetians and Brescians; but to stand long in rapt contemplation (very cheap and easy under the circumstances) before the beautiful Raphael. Well, it *is* beautiful; to my mind, after the Gran Duca, the most beautiful thing Raphael ever painted; and if he had stopped short at that point, he would have done much better. But it is *not* the chief thing one should study at Milan. Milan is a whole, and *Milan is Lombard*. There is a Madonna by Luini hard by which runs Raphael close: there are Lombard pictures here whose like you cannot see elsewhere. Therefore I say to you, study these other things if you like—the Venetians and Umbrians; of course you must study them: but study above all things here at the Brera the Lombard masters who belong to the district. Try to understand first the oldest men,—Foppa and Borgognone. Then go on to understand how from them proceed Bernardino de' Conti, Bramantino, and in a sense Montagna. After that, look at the influence of Leonardo da Vinci, and see how far his powerful individuality transformed the Lombard taste in Luini, Cesare da Sesto, Boltraffio, and the others. You will find many old Lombard

traits persisting in these Leonardesque scholars; and you will also find, if you look close, how the Lombard spirit itself affected Leonardo. In one word, use Milan as a key to the Lombard soul. You may comparatively neglect for the present the non-Lombard artists. On your way north again, you must spend a day or two at Milan once more, and then you will be able to place them better.

In order to understand the connection of the native Lombard works, however, with their place and time, you ought not to study them only in museums, divorced from their surroundings. That is the sure way to miss their meaning. Remember that *all these pictures were painted for churches*, as frescoes on the walls or as altar-pieces, and that they are rudely torn at the Brera from the circumstances that begot them. As a corrective of this error, I advise you, in between your many visits to the Brera (for you must visit it often), to look well at the little church of *San Maurizio*, an oratory originally erected by King Sigismund to the Teutonic soldier saint, and later belonging to a nunnery, whose Nuns' Choir behind the public church is about as big as the main building. Here you will see numerous frescoes of Luini and others *in situ*; in the place of honour, the martyrdom of

the patron, St. Maurice ; and, to balance it, King Sigismund presenting the original church to the saint whose name it bears. Then, in other frescoes, you get the donor of the existing church, with his wife, and their personal patrons. Almost all the remaining frescoes are those of female saints, the great patronesses of virginity, as is right in the church of a nunnery, — St. Cecilia, St. Ursula, St. Apollonia, St. Scholastica, St. Agnes, and so forth. The High Altar has for its altar-piece the Adoration of the Magi, — the Three Kings of Cologne, whose bones, you will recollect, reposed so long in Milan. The Nuns' Choir behind has more virgin saints, together with the great plague patrons, St. Roch and St. Sebastian, symbolical of the secular work of the sisters as attendants on the suffering. Taken in this spirit, you see that the church tells a story as a whole ; every work of art in it is there for a definite purpose. You cannot therefore truly judge of such works apart from their surroundings ; when you find them sawn out or torn away to place in museums — mere memberless torsos — you must always enquire *for what place they were originally intended*. So and so alone can you really understand them. And it is to tell you all this that I have designed these Guide-books.

If you take Milan in this spirit, you will find it

an endless joy; you will learn that the Cathedral is the least of its attractions. Why, there is the church of *St. Eustorgio* alone, hardly noticed by most visitors, yet containing the Chapel where the bones of the Magi were long preserved, with the very sarcophagus which held them; and also the gorgeous Cappella Portinari (too gorgeous, alas!) with a lovely frieze of angels, and with exquisite frescoes, not to mention the magnificent Gothic tomb of St. Peter Martyr, which alone is worth spending a day at Milan to visit. Indeed were it in France or England, it would be a famous object of pilgrimage. If you care for beautiful things, you could spend weeks and weeks in exploring these lesser churches; and what you find in the churches still occupies its proper place, and gives you the right clue to the dismembered fragments you meet in the museums.

Do not, however, for a moment suppose I have given a bare enumeration of the indispensable things to be seen in Milan. Indeed, when I come to reckon these up, I am fairly staggered in my own mind, and can't imagine how I am ever to get you away to Florence. For this is Italy; and now you can begin to realise the vast and perplexing variety of beautiful or interesting objects which Italy flings lavishly in your path at every street

corner. Why, there is the *Museo Poldi-Pezzoli*, here a very secondary sight, after you have finished with the Brera (as who should say, exhausted the ocean); it will give you food for many days' sustenance — pictures, decorative arts, and objects of antiquity. Then there is the *Ambrosiana*, with its paintings and drawings; there is the municipal *Salone*; there is the mediæval *Piazza dei Mercanti*; there are more things than I can mention even in brief enumeration. For I am not now writing a guide to the city. Really to *see* Milan would require a long year; to *know* it would take the best part of a lifetime.

And in Italy, too, you will for the first time begin to understand that *art does not mean merely pictures and statues*. It is a pervasive spirit that animates the whole world beyond the Alps; its manifestations are everywhere. The Great Hospital of Milan, — the Ospedale Maggiore, — for example, is a vast brick building, still used for its original purpose as a hospital. A vast brick building! — elsewhere that would mean a big ugly square block of utilitarian masonry. But *this* hospital is a half-Gothic, half-Renaissance masterpiece which affords you some idea of what a style of architecture might be if based upon brick, with honest adherence to the true principles of brick-

iness. The exquisite beauty of its terra-cotta mouldings and decorations makes it a thing of delight; you can spend an hour with pleasure in wandering round its nine courts and observing its detail. Stroll about Milan and look for lovely things like these, or like the delicious equestrian figure of the Podestà Tresseno on the Palazzo della Ragione, or like the ancient carved stones in the atrium of Sant' Ambrogio, or like the lovely Luinis in San Giorgio al Palazzo, or like Bramante's sacristy in San Satiro, with the later Foppa's sweet baby angels, — and do not imagine Milan is a mere modern French town because you spend all your time in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, and stare at the brand-new monument to Leonardo da Vinci. If any man says he does not care for Milan, he convicts himself at once of never having looked for it.

As to the neighbourhood of the city, and *the Lombard plain*, what can I say? Sirens innumerable stretch their arms to lure you away from your true lady, Florence. Resist them all, though 't is hard work resisting. Bergamo will try to tempt you to its picturesque hill-top citadel; Brescia will offer you its Morettos and its Roman remains; Pavia, Piacenza, Cremona will all call to you from many sides with alluring voices. Resist them,

and be strong; your goal is Florence! But stay, I must just allow you to see *the Certosa di Pavia*. It is but half an hour off by rail, Lombard of the Lombards, closely bound up with Milan and her greatest dynasty; and one long day will suffice to give it a first visit of exploration, a reconnaissance, so to speak. Here you will find out what I mean when I talk about the pervasiveness of art in Italy; for it will occupy you for a couple of hours to examine the medallions and decorations on the unfinished façade. If it were finished, I don't know how you could avoid spending the night on the spot, and going on with your examination of that masterpiece on the morrow. Baedeker, who is always culpably stingy of his time, says, give the place two hours. Two hours would not suffice to walk round it physically! Go over in the morning, see what you can before lunch, take an *al fresco* déjeuner in the garden of the little inn outside (there! I have broken for once my general rule of ignoring hotels and "practical information" — which usually means advertisement) and return to the monastery in the afternoon to complete your cursory inspection. As to *knowing* it, that would be a task of many weeks at least. When you have finished looking through it, with its endless wealth of decorative detail, you will run back

to Milan feeling the truth of what I say, that in Italy art and life are conterminous.

I had meant to put into this chapter a few general remarks about the order of the great Italian cities; but I see Milan alone has delayed me so long that I must defer them now to another chapter. Yet I will leave unaltered what I have already written. *Quod scripsi, scripsi*. "Why can't he run his pen through it," you will say, "instead of treating his readers so cavalierly?" Not so; I do it not without a meaning. It helps to let you *feel* how Italy runs away with one. I sat down at this chapter to write of Milan, determining to cut it as short as I could; I *did* cut it short, hardly dwelling at all, for example, on the riches of the Brera, and omitting all mention of whole aspects of the town which I should have liked to dilate upon; yet I *could* not keep it down to what I originally intended. The truth is, if there were no Florence and no Venice, Milan or Padua or Verona would be a world's wonder. The Certosa di Pavia alone, of which I dare say you never read till to-day, far outweighs any two average northern cathedrals. Yet because they are in Italy, we judge them all by an Italian standard. Fancy wasting your time over Winchester or Salisbury, with the Certosa unvisited!

CHAPTER XII

THE GREAT ITALIAN CITIES

NOW that you are in Italy, the question next arises, *in what order ought you to visit the Italian cities?*

On this point, my opinion is quite explicit. The proper order is—Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples.

I know there is very little chance of your taking my advice. The railways, and the natural configuration of the country have made another order so much more easy. The tourist is tempted by convenience of travel to go from Milan to Venice, taking Verona and Padua on the way; then from Venice to Florence, and so on to Rome and Naples. I grant that this is the easiest plan; and if you intend merely *to rush through Italy* on a pleasure jaunt, scampering through the whole thing in three or four weeks—well, the order of the visit won't much matter to you. But if you really want *to see Italy*, however hurriedly—to gain a glimpse of what Italy has meant for humanity—

to learn a filial affection for that great mother of our arts, our literatures, our culture — then I say to you emphatically, *begin with Florence*. And not only that, but learn Florence pretty well before you go elsewhere. For this I will give you ample reasons hereafter. For the present, I will sum them up in a single sentence: *Florence is the whole book*; the other towns are but scattered pages.

It is a mistake, therefore, to visit Venice before you have seen Florence. But there is a far deeper and more fatal mistake against which I would most earnestly warn you, — a mistake very commonly made, especially by Americans, yet one which vitiates your whole idea of Italy, — one which often gives people a distaste for it at once, and prevents them from learning to love it like a mother. *Don't go first to Rome*. I regard that point as of so great importance that I will even repeat it in all the dignity of capitals: **DON'T GO FIRST TO ROME**. If you do, you will never so well understand Italy. To see Venice before you have seen Florence is a serious mistake; to see Rome before you have seen Florence is *a fatal blunder*.

Why? Well, you will learn why at greater length when we come to deal with Rome in a separate chapter; but I will add here by anticipation two excellent reasons: *First*, because *Venice and*

Florence are beautiful pictures, while Rome is a dry but valuable historical volume; and if you begin with the dry book, you will think Italy a task, while if you begin with the beautiful picture you will think it a joy and a privilege. Second, because Rome had never any art of her own, nor even any continuous art of any sort; she merely borrowed now and then a distinguished Tuscan, or a distinguished Umbrian, or a distinguished Venetian, and set him to decorate some church or some palace. Therefore you can never understand the growth and evolution of art at Rome; you must study the causes which produced the Tuscan or the Umbrian in Tuscany and Umbria. Moreover, Rome is so vast and so complex that if you begin with Rome you can never understand anything; but if you have learnt elsewhere, and go to Rome with your ideas upon certain periods of art made up, you can attack that huge heterogeneous mass with some chance of understanding it. For these and for many other reasons which will come out as we proceed, I would strongly dissuade you from going first to Rome, and just as strongly advise you to go first to Florence.

Rome is a capital, and people think therefore they should see Rome first and the provinces afterwards. But this is a fallacy. Florence and Ven-

ice were never provinces as compared to Rome ; on the contrary, they were great centres which gave their arts and literature to Rome. Besides, the peculiar government of the Papacy resulted in this, — that a Florentine Pope invited Florentine artists to Rome, a Siennese invited Siennese, and an Umbrian Umbrians. Venetian cardinals wanted Venetian art ; and often a break of inartistic Popes from out-of-the-way places results in a break in the history of decoration and architecture in the Papal city. Hence *there is no continuity at all in Rome* ; it consists of scraps and odds and ends from everywhere. You could find no worse town in which to study the evolution of the arts, though you can find no better one in which finally to compare the finished products. The moral is, *go last to Rome*. See it after you have learned what Italy aims at.

Again you will say, “ But Rome has so old and continuous a history ; there and there only we get back to the roots of things. Ought we not to begin at the fountain-head ? ” I think not. It is all too confused, too complex, too manifold. *There are three or four Romes*, — ancient, imperial, Papal, Renaissance, modern. You will feel that even *after* you have been to Florence and Venice ; the multiplicity and variety of Rome will still stun

and puzzle you. How much more, then, if you approach the Vatican, knowing nothing of Raphael; and fly from it straight to the Lateran, knowing nothing of early Christian art; and thence to the Capitol, knowing nothing of antique sculpture? Let yourself down gently. Learn one thing at a time. To go straight to Rome is to start at once, as it were, on Chinese idioms, ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs, Hindustani grammar, and the Welsh language.

All this will become clearer to you as we proceed with our survey. For the present, if you have learned to trust my judgment at all, I will recommend you to place your life in my hands and *go straight to Florence*.

For the *educational value of Florence* is something quite unique and exceptional. It is the one place where you can get a full and connected view of the growth of the arts in modern Italy. It is quite true you will find nothing antique worth speaking of at Florence, — nothing, that is to say, save the sculptures of the Uffizi, which are not really local, but were collected at Rome by a Medici cardinal. The town itself, though it goes back to Roman times, has scarcely a trace to-day of its Roman origin. It is purely *a Christian Tuscan city*. But that, I venture to think, increases its utility as a

living object lesson. You are not distracted by too many subjects at once, — though, indeed, the rise of Florentine painting, Florentine sculpture, Florentine architecture, and Florentine decorative arts will supply you with ample work, if it comes to that, for three or four lifetimes. Nowhere in the world can you gain so clear and connected an idea of the origins of the Christian civilisation in whose midst we live as in this town of Florence.

Therefore I say, *spend as long a time as you can spare in Florence*. If you are going to be six months in Europe, for example, I should allot two months of that time at least to the Tuscan capital. If a year, then give it two months of autumn, before you see Rome, and two months of spring, later, to revise your impressions. The more you see of Florence the more will you learn that she is indeed the standard. You must gauge the development of the arts elsewhere by the light of the exceptionally continuous development you will find in Florence.

Siena and still more Ravenna begin earlier; but they end sooner. Venice and Rome are spasmodic; they have gaps and lacunæ. But *Florence is a whole*; she is constant and continuous. She embraces all arts (except perhaps mosaic, which is sparingly represented); and she forms the chief

models. She is far and away the queen in post-Roman Italy.

All that was ever great in Italy came from the Tuscan blood. Literature, science, and art appear everywhere just in proportion as that blood is dominant. Florence early rose in modern times to be the capital of the central mass of *the Etruscan race*; and Florence therefore sums up in herself all that is most distinctively Italian in Italy. No town was ever so beloved. It chains one with a chain of affection like a human mistress. When you go back to it after absence, you will find yourself smiling involuntarily at every street corner. Florence eats herself into your heart. She is loved of her lovers.

My *general advice*, then, is this: go direct in the first instance from Milan to Florence. Spend as long a time there as you think you can spare. Then make your way back to Venice. Give Venice three or four weeks—I know only too well how inadequate is that time, but I know also you cannot help it. Then return by Florence to Rome, and thence to Naples.

As for *the minor Italian cities*, I know not what to advise. My heart within me is torn in two directions. On the one hand, I cannot endure to say, “Omit Verona, Padua, Siena, Perugia, Pisa.”

It is too distressing. On the other hand, I feel so deeply the importance of concentrating yourself on the three most instructive towns, Florence, Rome, and Venice. More than ever as I write these lines do I realise the truth of what I said at the beginning,— it is folly to give three years to a college “education” and then refuse three months to that vast comprehensive university, Italy. Let us compromise, then, and say, on a first visit, I will try to indicate a convenient time for just a glimpse of these four or five most important secondary cities,— each of them far richer than anything out of Italy.

CHAPTER XIII

FLORENCE

THE Greeks made Aphrodite rise glorious from the foam of the sea; even so I always think of Florence, the Queen of Beauty in our modern world, as rising glorious from the yeasty chaos of the early Middle Ages.

There is *only one Florence*. Get there as fast as you reasonably can; stop there forever; and go back again afterwards at frequent intervals. Whatever this advice may lack in logical coherence it amply makes up for in sound practicality.

I met an American lady of a certain type one day at a comfortable little hotel near Santa Maria Novella. By way of beginning conversation, I asked her how long she meant to stay in the town. "Three days," she answered; then, seeing my face fall, she added quickly, "But a week would not be too long." She was quite right. A week is *not* too long for Florence. The same thing may be said of a month, a year, a lifetime.

Florence is the epitome of the history of the arts, — not a dry and formal epitome, nor yet a

history, nor a museum ; but the arts themselves, telling with exquisite grace their own inner story.

Therefore the one piece of advice on which I insist above all others in a European tour is this : *spend as large a proportion of your visit as you can possibly spare in Florence.* Whatever else you see or leave unseen, do not dock for time the most important thing in Europe.

As to the route thither from Milan — supposing you to have taken my advice and gone there direct, without turning aside to see Venice (which advice I am perfectly certain you will reject), — there are *two ways* possible. The flesh will call for one, and the spirit for the other. The first and easiest route is by *Bologna* (which you had better omit for the present), and thence by a delightful mountain line, over the main range of the Apennines. The second route, which I recommend by preference, is by *Genoa* and *Pisa*. This is also a very picturesque line, and though in some ways less comfortable, it gives you the advantage of being able to see Pisa itself *en route*. As for Genoa, I should say you can easily go past it. The second of these two routes is the only one I will deal with here ; since the line by Bologna must be naturally considered when we run back to Venice. For the road between Milan and Venice

direct (if you refuse to follow my plan, and prefer to follow your own nose), see a later chapter.

From *Milan to Genoa*, you cross the Maritime Alps just at the point where they begin to lose their individuality and to merge into the Apennines. The ascent is pleasing; the descent on the other side is extremely beautiful, especially as you approach the outskirts of Genoa, with its villa-covered hills ringing a bay which has no rival but Naples. Unless you have plenty of time to spend in Italy, however, I do *not* advise you to stop at Genoa. The town and harbour, to be sure, are fine and finely situated, and the palaces are interesting; but this is *not* the true Italy. Genoa was never an artistic centre; its galleries are full of Vandycks and Guidos. In other words, it has no native school, and its collections are those of mere amateurs who gathered works mostly of the late and less interesting periods. Of course, if you have *plenty* of time to spare, it is well to spend a week in Genoa *after* you have seen Venice, Rome, and Florence; because you will then be able to understand its Carracci, its Garofalos, its Domenichinos, its Tintoretts, and to understand their relation to other pictures elsewhere. But most of its art is practically the same as what you will see in the private galleries of the Roman nobles; and

the private galleries of Rome are certainly among the least important collections to be visited in Italy. Therefore I say, *don't waste time on Genoa* which would be better bestowed in Venice or Florence, or on a glimpse of Siena, Orvieto, Padua.

Continue straight on, then, *from Milan to Pisa*. The line beyond Genoa goes through the Riviera di Levante, perhaps the loveliest bit of coast in Italy, save only the shore about Sorrento and Amalfi. Too literally, alas, goes *through* it rather than along it; for it is almost all tunnel. You just catch a glimpse of some blue bay, with a nestling white town, and a tall campanile; and, whisk, before you know it you are in utter darkness once more, emerging for a minute at the tunnel's end upon another bay, another town, and another disappointment. Leisurely travellers often descend near Recco or Santa Margherita to drive across the best bits; it is really the only way of seeing the scenery.

Hard-hearted as I am, and bent on your intellectual and æsthetic improvement, I really cannot hurry you past *Pisa* without a couple of nights at least in that entrancing city. And indeed, Pisa is the proper prelude to Florence; for when Tuscany began to raise its head once more after the barbarian deluge, it was Pisa that aspired to be the

leader of Tuscany. She made herself great with a spasmodic greatness, which left a stamp for all time on the glorious cluster of buildings about the Cathedral and the Campo Santo. Stop and see these buildings; they are unique in the world in their position and grouping. They stand all by themselves in a little square or Piazza just at the outskirts of the town, unspoilt by the interference of other buildings. The check to Pisa's greatness has given us this treat; elsewhere the growth of population has crowded up the cathedral squares with mean modern houses; at Pisa alone do we see a mediæval group as the mediæval builders meant us to see it. The cluster consists of the *Duomo* itself, the *Baptistery*, the *Campo Santo*, and that exquisite *Campanile* of Tuscan-Romanesque architecture which the vulgarity of the world has christened after an accidental circumstance as "the Leaning Tower." Here we have one of the most perfect specimens of early Italian art, one of the loveliest buildings ever conceived in the brain of man; and the world with one accord goes to look at it and marvel at it — because it happens to be a few feet out of the perpendicular!

At Pisa, too, you get *the beginnings of Tuscany*. The architecture of the Cathedral is the oldest of all modern Italian churches of the first rank; in

the smallness of the dome you see the first hint of Siena, Florence, and St. Peter's at Rome. Remember this order of historical succession, and trace back the later designs by and by to their origin at Pisa. Then in sculpture you have *Niccolò Pisano*, whose noble pulpit in the Baptistery you must examine closely; while in the museum you will see the other lovely pulpit of the school, tracing there and at Siena the gradual decline through his son Giovanni and his other successors. For those who can do it, indeed, a tour of the Pisano influence, in the order of Pisa, Siena, Bologna, Florence, is deeply interesting; it shows you the springs of Giotto, of Donatello, and finally of Michael Angelo. But for the hasty visitor it must suffice, I fear, to gain a general idea at Pisa of these great Pisani, and to follow out at Florence the impetus they gave to the relatively reactionary sculptors who succeeded them. You will then understand that Niccolò Pisano, a man born out of due season, was one of the greatest and most original geniuses of the Middle Ages. His only error was that he came too early.

The worst of this sort of book is this, — that as I reach each town I want to write a whole book about it. This will never do. I must get on to Florence. We can easily manage it by an

evening train at the end of our second day at Pisa, having spent the daylight hours in the fascinating museum.

So here we are at last *in Florence!*

As to the particular sights to be seen in Florence, I have written about them at due length in my HISTORICAL GUIDE. Here I will only try to impress upon you *why* Florence is the most important of Italian cities, and the one where you should spend as much as possible of your time, at an early period of your visit to Italy.

I have said that *the Tuscan element* has given Italy almost everything that is great and noble within it. There are parts of Italy which scarcely differ in artistic importance from the world beyond the Alps. Piedmont is nothing; Liguria is nothing; Naples has hardly aught of native art; when we speak of Italy we think really of the district roughly bounded on the north by Milan and Venice, and on the south by Rome, — in short, in the wider sense, Etruria. This is the region where the Etruscan blood is found in more or less purity. And it survives purest in Tuscany and Umbria, less pure in Lombardy and Venetia, hardly at all in modern Rome, which lay on the very confines of ancient Etruria. That is why Rome had never any art of her own. On the other hand, the Tuscan spirit

works strongest of all in *the central belt*, where not only Florence and Pisa produced great men and great works in every direction, but where even smaller towns like Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Cortona, Orvieto, Foligno — nay, even mere third-rate burghs, like Prato, Pistoia, Spoleto, Chiusi, Fiesole, San Gimignano are full of interest. Florence, then, is the natural capital of this Tuscan race, to which we owe everything great in Italy ; and in Florence more than anywhere else we can trace in detail the tendencies and the mother-ideas of that gifted people.

Moreover, in Florence the history of art — that is to say, of modern art as distinguished from the antique — is *continuous and uniform*. Modern art, I say ; and you will therefore find it well to begin with Florence before Rome, because Rome gives you ancient art as well, and therefore confuses you or distracts your attention ; and also because the art of Rome is scrappy and discontinuous, only to be historically comprehended aright after you have seen Florence. Even Venice, again, though more original than Rome, is less independent and self-sustaining than Florence ; for example, in painting, she took her earliest works not from Venetian hands at all, but from Byzantine Greek painters ; and when she began to develop a school of her own, she derived it, not directly from either

Byzantine or Italian sources, but oddly enough from the school of Cologne, through her first great painter, Giovanni da Allemagna or John the German. Later still, her native painters of the early Renaissance were largely influenced by their education at Padua, where works of the Florentine Giotto and the Florentine Donatello (the last-named a sculptor) exercised a great effect upon the minds and tastes of Mantegna and Bellini. So that even Venice cannot be thoroughly understood till you have seen Florence, whence a large part of the influence which formed her schools emanated. As for Milan, Brescia, Bologna, and the rest, the springs of their art are in a large degree Florentine.

But Florence herself is self-contained and self-sufficing. *She evolved her own art*; or if she took hints from elsewhere, took them only from Tuscan Pisa, which you have seen on your way to her, and from her equally Tuscan elder sister, Siena. No other city of Italy can be thoroughly understood till you have understood Florence; but Florence stands alone, her own sole interpreter.

The revival of art began in Florence. Its first faint notes were struck by *Cimabue*. Then, a generation later, she derived from Pisa the net results of the school of sculpture instituted by

Niccolò Pisano; and these bore fruit in time in the grand project for her Cathedral and for its glorious Campanile. But it was *Giotto* who gave the great impetus to art in Florence; and every other city in Italy derived its later art directly or indirectly from Giotto or his followers. You find the hand of the master himself everywhere — in the frescos of the Madonna dell' Arena at Padua; in the Lower Church at Assisi; in San Giovanni at Ravenna; in the Navicella at St. Peter's in Rome, — in short, all over Italy; but you can thoroughly understand him nowhere save in this his special city. Were it only for Giotto, who lies at the root of all Italian art, it would be necessary to visit Florence first. When you consider that the school founded by Giotto developed into the Renaissance painters in Florence by a natural and unbroken evolution, and sent its teachers to every other Italian region, you will feel that here alone can we study the history of Italian art to the best advantage.

Everything in Florence, indeed, is *redolent of the soil*. Elsewhere Florentines decorated Roman churches or Sienese cathedrals; at Florence Florentines painted Florentine saints for Florentine altars, or carved breathing images of Our Lady of Florence for Florentine niches. We get to know the Floren-

tine Madonna of the Lily, the baby Florentine St. John with his reed and scroll, the Florentine Santa Reparata with her red-cross flag, as familiarly as we know the face of George Washington or the American eagle. The features of the Medici become quite familiar to us. The ascetic Sant' Antonino haunts the walls of San Marco; Ghirlandajo's patrons, repeated in a dozen forms, end by being our intimate acquaintances. The entire life of a mediæval city comes back to us in its fulness; we wander among palaces the faces of whose builders still smile upon us from their tombs in Benedetto da Maiano's bronze, or scowl under pent brows in Michael Angelo's marble.

That is the joy of Florence. So much of it remains that you can piece it all together as you can piece no other city. I take a single example. In Santa Maria Novella, you come across the tomb of the *Patriarch Joseph of Constantinople*. Why a patriarch of Constantinople at Florence, you wonder. Well, in 1438, when the last Byzantine Roman emperors still held the city by the Bosphorus, but the Turk was pressing forward and Christendom was at bay, a great council was held at Ferrara to bring about the reunion of the Eastern and Western churches. John Palæologus, Emperor of Constantinople, and the Patriarch

Joseph attended this council. In 1439 it transferred itself to Florence; and while it sat there, the Patriarch died and was buried in this church of Santa Maria Novella. Now you will afterwards go to the Riccardi Palace, which was at that time the home of the Medici; and there, in the dark little chapel, made glorious by art, you will see the beautiful and fantastic fresco which Benozzo Gozzoli painted to represent the journey of the Magi to Bethlehem. Here our old acquaintances, the Three Kings, typifying as usual the three ages of man, are in reality portraits of three famous personages of the moment. The oldest king is the Patriarch Joseph, appropriately chosen as one of the Wise Men from the East; the middle-aged king is the Emperor John Palæologus, in most regal attire; and the young king is Lorenzo de' Medici in his beautiful youth, accompanied by his grandfather Cosimo Pater Patriæ. I give this as a single illustration of the interest which Florence possesses. As for the artistic charm of that sumptuous pageant, winding slowly through a fairy-land of the painter's imagination, you must see the work itself before you can form the faintest conception of it.

Let me din it into you, then, as sedulously as I dinned Italy itself. Italy above all things; and in Italy, *first and foremost, Florence, Florence, Florence!*

CHAPTER XIV

MORE ABOUT FLORENCE

THE *western quarter* of the town (to be practical for a moment) is the best in which to settle. Personally, I think the nicest part of it is the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, which is central but airy. There are also excellent hotels and pensions on the equally sunny Lung' Arno.

Visit Florence historically, as I have set it forth in my Guide. Begin with the two oldest great churches, the Franciscan Santa Croce, and the Dominican Santa Maria Novella; then proceed to the Cathedral, the Campanile, and the Baptistery; after that, attack the various picture galleries and the Bargello. You will find six weeks all too short a time just for walking through the most important groups of objects in the city. I have mentioned in my Guide the best order, and called attention to most of the indispensable sights. I cannot epitomise it here. To chronicle everything in Florence would need a book six times as big as would be required for Paris, and about forty times the size that would be needed, scale for scale, for London.

In this chapter, therefore, which only aims at suggesting to you beforehand *the proper point of view*, I will confine myself to a few special aspects of a few of the most important objects.

I said above, the *Franciscan* Santa Croce and the *Dominican* Santa Maria Novella. In Florence, probably, you will for the first time begin to understand the importance of these *great monastic bodies*, and the way they each impressed their own ideas upon the art they patronised. For example, the Franciscans, the Salvation Army of their day, were (and are) beggar friars, wedded to poverty, and preaching the cross of Christ to the poor and neglected. At Assisi you will perhaps find time to see later St. Francis's own church, with the frescoes by Giotto which represent that ecstatic revivalist married in bodily union to his bride, Poverty. But for the present, here in Florence, you must content yourself with examining this *Franciscan church of the Holy Cross*, full of the Cross itself and the Franciscan order which preaches it. You will make a great mistake if you go to Santa Croce regarding it merely as a church in general where you expect to see some good frescoes by Giotto. You can only comprehend its inner meaning if you bear in mind at every turn that it is a *Franciscan* church, dedicated to the cult of the *Holy Cross*.

St. Francis died in 1226, and was promptly canonised in 1228. His followers spread over every part of Italy, choosing in each town the poorest quarters, and ministering to the needs of the lowest classes. In 1294 they began to erect this church in Florence, which Giotto decorated with some of his finest frescoes. The *Holy Cross* is its keynote. Over the main entrances are three reliefs, representing respectively the Discovery of the True Cross by the Empress Helena, the Adoration of the Cross by all the world, and the Cross appearing in the Sky to Constantine. Over the chief gable, the Cross is sustained by two marble angels. The choir, the holiest part of the building, has frescoes of the mythical legend of the Cross, from Adam downward, by Agnolo Gaddi. Throughout, the Holy Cross gives the subject of the building, and knits it all together into a single poem.

Equally marked is the *Franciscan* influence. In half the pictures in this church, you will recognise on saint after saint the coarse brown Franciscan robes. The monogram of Christ (I. H. S.), adopted as his symbol by San Bernardino of Siena, the great Franciscan revivalist preacher, meets you at every turn; one such was affixed on the old façade by the saint's own hands. The exquisite pulpit, the noblest work of Benedetto da Maiano,

is adorned with reliefs from the life of St. Francis and the history of his followers — the Confirmation of the Franciscan order by the Pope, the Burning of the Immoral Books, St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, the Death of St. Francis, and the Martyrdom of a group of Franciscan Brothers. A fresco in the nave by Andrea del Castagno shows us side by side St. John Baptist, patron of the town of Florence, and St. Francis, patron of this church and order. The Bardi chapel contains Giotto's famous frescoes of the life of St. Francis. Everywhere these two interwoven themes dominate the great church, — the Holy Cross and the Franciscan order.

These themes, I say, strike the keynote. But they do not exhaust the manifold interest of this wonderful building, which alone would repay many weeks of study. I will mention a single other feature only. One of the many outgrowths of Santa Croce is the *Medici chapel*, built by Michelozzo for Cosimo de' Medici, Pater Patriæ. It is full of lovely works, almost all of them instinct with allusions to St. Francis, to the Holy Cross, and to the Medici family. I can find room to mention a solitary instance only; the beautiful altar-piece in glazed and coloured terra-cotta work by Luca della Robbia. This has for its central figure the Madonna being

crowned by angels; around her stand a group of appropriate local saints, — St. John Baptist in camel's hair, as patron of Florence; St. Lawrence with his gridiron, as patron of Lorenzo de' Medici; St. Francis with the Stigmata, as patron of this Franciscan Church; and St. Louis of Toulouse, the great Franciscan royal luminary. Everything here, in short, is full of the ruling Medici, especially in their connection with the Franciscan order. It is the same with every other chapel in such a church. We can only understand it, first in connection with the church of which it is a member, and next in connection with the family to whom it belongs, or once belonged.

Most visitors to Florence go to Santa Croce because they are told it is *the Westminster Abbey of Florence*, and they visit chiefly the tombs of Michael Angelo, and Macchiavelli, and Galileo, and Alfieri. Now, this is a foolish and unworthy way of regarding a great historical monument. It is putting the cart before the horse. Santa Croce is first of all *a church, not a cemetery*; a preaching church of a great revivalist order, the Franciscans; a church made beautiful with Franciscan works of art by mighty painters and cunning sculptors; a whole with a meaning to it; only incidentally is it the pantheon of great dead Florentines. If you want to

derive the greatest instruction and at the same time the greatest amount of pleasure from Florence, you must visit all its contents in this historical spirit.

Just as distinctly as Santa Croce is Franciscan, *Santa Maria Novella is Dominican*. This is true of the church as a whole, but still more distinctly true of the so-called *Spanish Chapel*, or Chapel of the Corpus Christi, a little oratory in the cloisters, which is a complete epitome of Dominican theology. The Dominicans were instituted as guardians of the faith and protectors of the people against heresy; and they were the leading teachers of the *scholastic philosophy*. Hence, on the walls of the Spanish Chapel, we see, in the frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi and the Sienese masters, a compendium of that philosophy in a pictorial form. I will not explain it all here; I will merely say that unless you take these frescoes in connection with their allegorical meaning, and in connection with the feast of Corpus Christi, then recently instituted, — unless you mentally compare them with the objects and ideas of the early Dominicans, they can afford you comparatively little pleasure. A building like the Spanish Chapel is not a picture gallery: it is essentially a consistent whole; not an element in it which does not conduce to the general lesson.

I will say a few words, however, just by way of illustration, about another chapel in the main body of this church, because it well exemplifies the point I made above about the relation of private oratories in churches to the families who owned them. There are in Santa Maria Novella two *chapels of the Strozzi family*. One, the most famous, contains some magnificent Dominican frescoes by Andrea Orcagna, together with an altar-piece in which Christ gives the keys on one hand to St. Peter, and the book on the other hand to the great Dominican saint and philosophical teacher, Thomas Aquinas, who is thus placed almost on a level with the papacy. The allegorical meaning of this altar-piece is still further accentuated by the presence of the Madonna and St. John Baptist, patrons of this particular church and city. The glory of St. Thomas Aquinas is the central idea of the whole oratory. But it is not this more famous Strozzi Chapel, with its glorious picture of Paradise — a dream of beauty — to which I would refer at present; I want rather to lay stress on the other and newer one which has been less written about, and which visitors therefore less often examine closely. And here is a brief account of its claim to consideration.

It was formerly, as a Latin inscription upon it

relates, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, but was afterwards bought by *Filippo Strozzi*, founder of the magnificent Strozzi Palace, and made over by him to his personal patrons, St. Philip and St. James, ever indivisible. He employed another Philip, the great Renaissance painter, Filippino Lippi, to decorate the walls for him with frescoes which now rank as some of their painter's finest work. On the right wall Filippino accordingly painted a set of subjects from the legendary life of St. Philip, his own name-saint as well as his employer's, and the new patron to whom the chapel was now dedicated. But on the left wall, as if in compliment to the dispossessed St. John, or as compensation for disturbance, he painted a similar series from the life of the Fourth Evangelist. I have described their subjects in full in my Guide to Florence, and I will not repeat the description here, because what I want to do now is not to dwell upon them but merely to point out the historical allusiveness of such a family chapel. The end wall, between these two sets of frescoes, contains a stained-glass window, after a design by Filippino, and its subject is Our Lady, the patroness of the church as a whole, throned between St. Philip and St. James, patrons of the Strozzi and of this particular chapel. Beneath it, as if protected

by his chosen guardians, lies the tomb of Filippo Strozzi himself, the originator of the design, — a noble work of plastic art by Benedetto da Maiano, who was the family sculptor and architect, and who also planned the Strozzi Palace. The bust of Filippo Strozzi by this same Benedetto, which once adorned this tomb, is now in the Louvre; but oh, what a difference between seeing it there in meaningless isolation, and seeing it here among the domestic associations for which it was originally intended! If you conscientiously visit one such chapel as this, and understand its meaning, you will never again be content to treat a church as if it were a scratch collection of unconnected pictures and unrelated monuments. In a picture gallery a portrait of a courtesan jostles a Madonna by Raphael; but in a church each work fills its proper place in a harmonious composition.

I have only touched lightly upon a few of the less celebrated objects in Santa Maria Novella, because I am not here trying to describe but merely to set you on the right road for understanding. I have left unmentioned its most famous gems. Indeed, if I were to describe in full all that Santa Maria contains, I should have to write a great many big volumes.

These two churches, Santa Croce and Santa Maria Novella, are invaluable as museums of the *early Giottesque fresco-painters*; they show us the roots and mainsprings of Italian painting. They are also admirable object-lessons in the great religious outburst of the early Franciscan and Dominican revival. After seeing them, a visitor ought to see the *Cathedral* and its adjuncts. But these I will not even attempt to describe. I will merely say that to a northern or western visitor, for whom art means pictures, the bronze doors of the *Baptistery* alone will be a marvellous revelation. It sounds like extravagance to say so—until you have seen them; but those doors by themselves require many weeks of study. I do not mean merely the famous eastern doors, by Ghiberti, which occupied their sculptor for twenty-seven years—think of it, O hurried American!—and which Michael Angelo declared fit to be the gates of Paradise. Those indeed are beautiful, consummate, inexpressible, perfect; but they are not the only ones. And here let me give you one word of sound advice. Do not fall into the common error of thinking you ought to look only at “the very best work,” and neglect the less admirable,—especially not where all is admirable in its way. That is the wrong way to understand the

best. The most perfect can only be appreciated by comparison with the almost perfect or rather perfect which preceded it. There are three sets of these gates, and between them they mark the progress of the art of sculpture in Tuscany. Andrea Pisano's are the earliest and simplest, but they are very lovely; in some ways the loveliest. Then come Ghiberti's first set, in a style intermediate between Andrea's and his later manner. Last of all come the pair which alone you will see most visitors stand and stare at, as if the less famous ones were unworthy their serious attention. This is a fatal blunder. When you see a man posing awestruck before these eastern gates alone, you may be sure he is a pretender. You can never know much about art of any sort if you confine yourself always to the most celebrated master-pieces.

In the *Opera del Duomo*, again, you will learn once more the *infinite variety* of Tuscan art-handicraft. Many visitors only look at Luca della Robbia's Singing Boys; and indeed, one can hardly blame them, for lovelier sculpture man never invented. But there are other objects here a little less famous, yet unspeakably beautiful, such as the silver shrine or High Altar from the Baptistery, representing the life of St. John Baptist, in

a series of reliefs of different dates, by many famous artists. And these are not all. The mosaics, the enamels, the Byzantine needlework — But I must draw a line. I can only say in conclusion, here in Florence you will begin to understand what I said before, that in Italy art is an all-pervading presence.

One other great sight of Florence demands a word in passing, because it also is liable to the gravest misconceptions. I believe most English and American tourists go to see the *Monastery of San Marco* because it is Savonarola's home, and because they have read "Romola." I cannot read "Romola" — I have tried, and failed — but I can tell you of another and better way of seeing San Marco. Recollect that it is, first of all, a Dominican house, erected by the earliest and greatest of the Medici for the monks of St. Dominic, and decorated throughout with Dominican pictures by the saintly Dominican painter, Fra Angelico. I am not going to speak here about the exquisite tenderness, sanctity, and mysticism of that ecstatic and poetic friar. You will see his works and understand all that on mere inspection. But I want to say a word or two, rather, about the *meaning* of his pictures, and their close connection with the places they occupy.

I will take five only, the five which first strike

your eye as you enter the quiet and solemn little courtyard. They are the *Dominican cycle*. The first is commonly described as a Crucifixion. But it is not ; it is St. Dominic embracing the foot of the Cross, and it typifies here *the Devotion of the Dominican Order*. The next, over the door of the Sacristy, represents St. Peter Martyr, the great Dominican witness to Catholic truth, with his wounded head and palm of martyrdom ; he places his finger to his lips, to enforce the Dominican rule of silence. This fresco therefore typifies *the Sanctity of the Dominican Order*. Next, over the door of the Chapter-House, we see St. Dominic once more, but this time with his red star, his open book as teacher, and his scourge of rods : he typifies *the Discipline of the Dominican Order*. Over the door of the *Foresteria*, again — the quarter reserved for the reception of strangers and pilgrims, we get the famous and exquisite fresco — unsurpassed in the world for tenderness and beauty — of two Dominican friars welcoming Christ in the garb of a pilgrim — “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me.” This picture of course typifies *the Hospitality of the Dominican Order*. Finally, we have, over another door, St. Thomas Aquinas with his open book ; he was the great

Dominican teacher and philosopher, and he typifies *the Learning of the Dominican Order*.

At Santa Maria Novella you will already have seen much of St. Thomas Aquinas and his glory; and by the time you have honestly gone through San Marco, the black-and-white Dominican robes will be quite familiar to you, and so will be the faces and features of their most distinguished wearers.

As yet, you will notice, I have said nothing about *the picture galleries*. And as a general rule, everywhere, I would advise you to familiarise yourself first with the town, the architecture, and the churches, as well as with the local saints and local history, before you begin to attack the galleries. Their meaning will thus become much more apparent to you. For example, here in Florence, the Baptistery, which is the old cathedral, shows you why St. John is the patron of Florence; the works of art in it familiarise you with many Florentine allusions, and especially with the little St. John Baptist setting out for the desert, a figure which afterwards becomes symbolical to you of the town itself. Santa Reparata, San Zanoobi, Sant' Antonino, and many other local saints will thus have become old acquaintances before you visit the picture galleries, where you will find

them divorced from their original surroundings. For example, at San Marco, you will see the cell occupied by Cosimo de' Medici, Pater Patriæ, when he went into occasional retreats. On the wall of this cell is a fresco by Fra Angelico representing the Crucifixion, with Cosimo's own patron saint, St. Cosmo, together with St. John and St. Peter Martyr, the last a Dominican; and these two are the patrons of his sons, Giovanni and Piero de' Medici. Cosimo could thus pay his devotions to his Lord, before the figures of his own patron and those of his sons. In Cosimo's own sleeping cell, behind, is an Adoration of the Magi, here of course symbolical of worldly rank and wealth submitting to the spiritual authority, and therefore most appropriate for the retreat of a man in power. But if these pictures were removed to a picture gallery, their special meaning and allusiveness would be largely lost. As far as possible, in my Guides, I try accordingly to show the origin of such pictures in galleries, wherever it throws light upon the grouping of the personages. For instance, in Venice, St. Cosmo and St. Damian stand merely as the patron saints of the medical profession, and therefore occur mainly in votive plague-pictures, side by side with the recognised plague-saints, St. Sebastian and St. Roch. But in

Florence these two holy doctors stand usually as patrons of the Medici family (originally physicians; their coat of arms consists of gilded pills); and wherever you find Cosmo and Damian in a Florentine picture, you may suspect it was painted for one of the ruling Medici. Often the St. John Baptist of Florence stands by their side, and sometimes also St. Lawrence, the patron saint of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

If you bear these things in mind, and have already seen the chief churches, you will be in a fit position to visit the picture galleries.

There are many of these in Florence, but three stand out with special importance, — the *Belle Arti*, the *Uffizi*, and the *Pitti Palace*. I advise you to visit them in this order.

Of course I am not going to give you here a *résumé* of what I have written in my Guide on these three great collections. Space makes that impossible. But that you may form some idea beforehand of the sort of treatment I adopt and advise you to follow, and that you may judge whether or not it will meet your requirements, I will transcribe here a few consecutive pages out of the various descriptions.

My first extract is from the account of the Perugino Room at the *Belle Arti* : —

“To the R of the doorway is ** 57, a very noble Perugino, representing the Assumption of the Virgin, in a mandorla, surrounded by a group of cherubs in the same shape. Her attitude, features, and expression of ecstatic adoration, as well as the somewhat affected pose of her neck and hands, are all extremely characteristic of Perugino. So are the surrounding groups of standing and flying angels; the angel immediately to the spectator's L of the Madonna has also the characteristic poise of the head. Above is the Eternal Father, in a circle, with adoring angels. Below stand four Vallombrosan saints, as spectators of the mystery: (the picture comes from the great suppressed monastery of Vallombrosa.) You will grow familiar with this group in many other parts of the gallery, as most of the pictures were brought here at the suppression. The saints are, San Bernardo degli Uberti (in cardinal's robes): San Giovanni Gualberto (the founder): St. Benedict (in brown): and the Archangel Michael. Note their features. The figure of St. Michael, in particular, may be well compared with the other exquisite St. Michael, also by Perugino, from the great altar-piece in the Certosa di Pavia, now in the National Gallery in London.* This Assumption is one of Perugino's finest and most characteristic works. It deserves long and attentive study. Such compositions, with a heavenly and earthly scene combined, are great favourites with Umbrian painters. (See them at Perugia, and in Raphael's *Disputà* in the Vatican.) Do not fail to notice the beautiful landscape background of the country about Perugia. Study this work as a model of Perugino at his best.

“*L wall*, 56, *Perugino, the Descent from the Cross, a beautiful composition. The scene takes place in characteristic Renaissance architecture. The anatomy and painting of the dead nude are worthy of notice. Observe the way in which the Madonna’s face and head stand out against the arch in the background, as well as the somewhat affected pietism of all the actors. *R*, the Magdalen and Joseph of Arimathea; *L*, St. John and Nicodemus. Notice their types.

“Beyond the door, 53, Perugino, the Agony in the Garden. The attitudes of the Saviour and the three sleeping apostles are traditional. Look out for them elsewhere. The groups of soldiers in the background are highly redolent of Perugino’s manner. So is the charming landscape. Compare this angel with those in the Vallombrosan picture first noted in this room. Observe Perugino’s quaint taste in head-dresses. Also, throughout, here and in the Assumption, the Umbrian isolation and abstractness of his figures.

“Above, on this wall, *55, Fra Filippo Lippi, a very characteristic Madonna and Child enthroned. The Medici saints, Cosmo and Damian, in their red robes, and two holy Franciscans, St. Francis and St. Antony of Padua, stand by. The faces and dresses of the Medici saints are typical. The Madonna belongs to the human and somewhat round-faced type introduced into Tuscan art by Filippo Lippi. Note, in the arcaded niches at the back, a faint reminiscence of the older method of painting the saints in separate compartments. This is a lovely picture; do not hurry away from it. It comes, you might guess,

from a Franciscan monastery — namely, Santa Croce. I took you first to that church and Santa Maria in order that such facts might be the more significant to you.

“54, Fra Filippo Lippi, St. Jerome in the desert, with his lion in the background, and his cardinal’s hat and crucifix. The impossible rocks smack of the period. This is a traditional subject which you will often meet with. Don’t overlook the books and pen which constantly mark the translator of the Vulgate.

“52, Cosimo Rosselli, St. Barbara. A curious but characteristic example of this harsh though very powerful painter. In the centre stands St. Barbara herself, with her tower and palm of martyrdom, as if just rising from the throne on which she had been sitting. Beneath her feet is a fallen armed figure, sometimes interpreted as her father, sometimes as the heathen proconsul, Marcian, who ordered her execution. The picture, however, as the Latin elegiac beneath it relates, was painted for the German Guild of Florence. Now, St. Barbara was the patroness of artillery (the beautiful Palma Vecchio of St. Barbara at Venice was painted for the Venetian Guild of Bombardiers) : I take the figure on whom she tramples, therefore, though undoubtedly an emperor in arms, to be mainly symbolical of the fallen enemy. In short, the picture is a Triumph of Artillery. To the L stands the St. John of Florence : to the R, St. Mathias the Apostle, with his sword of martyrdom. Two charming angels draw aside the curtains : a frequent feature. Study this as a typical example of Cosimo Rosselli. It comes from the Florentine Church of the Annunziata.”

You will notice here how often the origin of the picture casts a flood of light upon its grouping and meaning.

My second extract is from the account of the Hall of Lorenzo Monaco in the *Uffizi*, where some of the loveliest treasures of Tuscan art are preserved : —

“ This room contains some of the finest and most interesting works of the **EARLY FLORENTINE** period. L of the door, as you enter, *1310, Gentile da Fabriano : four isolated saints, portions of an altar-piece, with the Madonna (who once was there) omitted. L, St. Mary Magdalen, with her alabaster box of ointment. Next to her, St. Nicolas of Bari, with his golden balls : on his robes are embroidered the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Presentation in the Temple, and the Baptism of Christ. Note such subjects hereafter, embroidered on the robes of other bishops. They often throw light on the personages represented. Then, St. John Baptist of Florence, as the ascetic saint, and St. George, with the red cross on his lance and shield, a striking figure. In the *cuspidi* above, other saints and angels. This picture comes from the church of St. Nicolas in Florence, and the Nicolas stood on the R hand of Our Lady.

“ 1302, beneath, Benozzi Gozzoli, Predella : (1) Marriage of St. Catherine of Alexandria, a charming girlish figure : (2) Pieta with St. John and the Magdalen : (3) St. Antony with his crutch and book, and

St. Benedict holding a book and arrow. From Santa Croce.

“End wall, ** 1309, Don Lorenzo Monaco. Great altar-piece of the Coronation of the Virgin, in a magnificent tabernacle of three arches. Adequately to describe this noble picture, the only important work now remaining by Fra Angelico's master, would require many pages. I note a few points. Below, the circles of heaven, with stars and angels. Centre, once a reliquary, now gone, about which angels swing censers.

“In the group of saints under the L arch ; nearest the throne, St. John Baptist of Florence ; then, St. Peter (keys), and St. Benedict, scourge, (this being a Camaldolese-Benedictine picture, painted for Don Lorenzo's own monastery of the Angeli at Florence :) above him, St. Stephen, with the stones on his head ; beside whom stands St. Paul, holding his sword and his Epistle to the Romans ; then, St. James the Greater (with a staff), St. Antony Abbot (crutch) and other saints less discernible, among whom I believe I detect St. Louis of France, and St. Louis of Toulouse. In the opposite arch : on the extreme R, (to balance St. Benedict) in white robes, St. Romuald, founder of the Camaldolese order (a branch of the Benedictines) : next him, St. Andrew and St. John the Evangelist ; behind the last, St. Lawrence, with his gridiron, (Lorenzo's name saint ;) St. Bartholomew with his knife ; and St. Francis with his Franciscan robes and crucifix. Between the last two, a bishop, probably San Zanobi, as his mitre bears the Florentine lily. Between him and St. Francis is, I think, St. Vincent. The

rest I cannot decipher. Observe the numerous angels, representing the monastery. In the *cuspidi*, an Annunciation, and Christ blessing. Many of the figures on the frame may also be identified. L, King David, Noah with the ark, and other Old Testament characters. R, Daniel, Moses with the stone tables, and various prophets. The *predella* contains Bible scenes, and Stories from the Life of St. Benedict. (1) His death, where his disciple St. Maurus sees his soul ascending to heaven: (2) his teaching in his monastery, with St. Maurus and the young monk who was tempted by the devil. (See the same subject in the very different St. Benedict series by Francesco di Giorgio Martini in the Scuola Toscana, 3rd Sala.) (3) Nativity and (4) Adoration of the Magi: (5) St. Benedict in his cell with Benedictine saints, male and female: he sends out St. Maurus to rescue St. Placidus from drowning: (6) resuscitation of a novice, killed by a falling house at the Convent of Monte-Cassino. (The same scenes occur, with others, in Spinello Aretino's frescoes in the Sacristy at San Miniato.) Taking it all round, a noble work for its date, worth close study.

“1305. *Domenico Veneziano, Madonna and Child, enthroned, under a very peculiar canopy, with St. John Baptist, St. Francis (Bernard?), San Zanobi, and St. Lucy. (It was painted for the church of St. Lucy at Florence.) A hard picture, in very peculiar colouring, but with fine drawing and good characterisation. It is, in point of fact, an early attempt at *oil-painting*, the secret of which Domenico had learnt, and which he im-

parted to Andrea del Castagno, who murdered him in order that he alone might possess it. The colouring is clear and bright, but lacks harmony : it is anything but melting. The drawing and composition remind one of Andrea del Castagno.

“ 24. Lorenzo di Credi. Virgin adoring the Child. The infant exquisite.

“ 1286. ** Botticelli's Adoration of the Magi. One of the painter's finest sacred works, where all the conventional elements are retained, while a totally new meaning is given to the merest detail, such as the great ruined classical temple, and far more to the group of attendants on the Three Kings, all of whom are contemporary Florentine portraits. Notice in the figure of the Young King, to the R, in white, (a portrait of Lorenzo de' Medici,) how completely Botticelli has transformed and spiritualised the earlier conception. The portrait faces of all the Three Kings, indeed, are exquisitely beautiful : the eldest, seen in profile, is Cosimo Pater Patriæ. Equally fine is the group of men of letters and statesmen to the R. Do not overlook the poetical Botticellian touch in the light gauze veil thrown over the Second King's gift, nor the fur on his dress, nor the dainty painting of the peacock on the ruin, nor the thoughtful face of the draped figure in yellow, to the extreme R, nor the haughty aristocratic mouths of the Medici to the L, nor indeed anything about this wonderful picture. Every face is significant, every fold of the drapery is beautiful and flowing. (From Santa Maria Novella.)”

I will not make any extract from the part relating to the *Pitti Palace*, which I regard as the least interesting of the great Florentine collections, but will go on at once to a more congenial subject. I mean, the Bargello.

Nowhere in Italy will you feel the all-pervadingness of Italian art as you feel it at the *Bargello*. The building was the old castle of the Podestà or chief magistrate of Florence; and it is fitted up now as a national museum of sculpture and decorative arts. Till you see it, you can never guess what decorative arts are like. I make the following extract from my description, merely as some clue to the nature of its contents:—

“The next room, *Sixth Hall*, contains bronzes, reliefs, and statues of the early Renaissance. All these deserve the closest attention. R of the door, St. John Baptist in the Desert, by Michelozzo, an early example of the comparative abandonment of the merely ascetic ideal. Compare and bear in mind all these various Baptists: their importance is fundamental. R of the door, fine bas-relief by Bertoldo, of a battle between Romans and barbarians, inspired by the antique, and full of classical feeling. The Victories and nude figures to R and L are especially admirable. Above it, good bust of the Duke of Urbino. Beneath, *Reliquary of St. Protus and St. Hyacinthus, by Lorenzo Ghiberti; fine flying angels. The *case*, beyond, contains fine

imitation antique and Renaissance statuettes. In the *centre* of the room, ** Verrocchio's beautiful bronze David with the head of Goliath, one of its sculptor's masterpieces. The head foreshadows Leonardo: the curls are delicious: the easy assured pose may be compared or contrasted with the Donatello and the Michael Angelo. The thin veined arms, however, (perhaps of an apprentice model,) are evidently influenced by the ascetic mediæval ideal: compare the figures in Verrocchio's (painted) Baptism of Christ in the Belle Arti. The whole attitude of this David, in spite of its meagre limbs, is striking and graceful. This work should be looked at in contrast with Donatello on the one hand and with Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini on the other.

“ *End wall*, ** two gilt bronze panels, the sacrifice of Isaac by * Brunelleschi and ** Ghiberti respectively. These were the panels which were sent in by the two artists as specimens of their handiwork in the competition for the Second Gates of the Baptistery in 1402. The superiority of Ghiberti's design in composition and plastic calm is very apparent. At the same time, the elements of conventional treatment common to the two scenes are worth close comparison. The positions of most of the actors and accessories are fairly constant. Observe the quiet strength and repose of Ghiberti, contrasted with the bustle and strain of Brunelleschi. One is like a sculptor's work, the other like an engineer's.

“ Beneath these, Lorenzo Vecchietta's fine * recumbent statue for a tomb, in which a successful attempt is

made to put greater naturalness into this type of monument. Above, good Crucifixion by Bertoldo.

“*Wall to the R*, Crucifixion, by Donatello, partly gilt. All the attitudes in this admirable scene are worth careful notice. Observe at how much earlier a date sculpture succeeded in emancipating itself from conventional trammels than did painting. No contemporary picture has the freedom and ease of the Roman soldier nailing the feet of the Impenitent Thief; nor of the long-haired Magdalen in the foreground to the *L*; nor of the semi-nude figure with shield beyond it; nor of St. Longinus (distinguished by his halo) with his hand to his mouth, just above the last-mentioned figure. Study closely this admirable relief. It will well repay you.

“The *Seventh Hall* beyond contains the work in bronze of the High Renaissance up to the point where it verges towards the Decadence. Among so many noble works as are contained in this room, it is difficult to make a selection: besides, very few of them need explanation. Note, however, the Ganymede and the eagle, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, with its admirable ease of poise, and its perfect equilibrium. (Compare with similar antiques in the Uffizi.) Also the Antoninus Pius, which is a successful 15th century imitation of the antique. Look at Daniele da Volterra’s * Bust of Michael Angelo; and, close beside it, Sansovino’s Christ in Glory. In a glass case is Cellini’s sketch in bronze for the Perseus of the Loggia dei Lanzi, differing slightly in detail from the model finally adopted. Beside it, admirably executed but not pleasing bust of Cosimo I., a subject to try the greatest

sculptor. Beyond, again, * wax model of the Perseus, differing much more markedly from the form at last adopted. Further on, ** Cellini's original relief for the base of the Perseus, the Release of Andromeda, now replaced in the Loggia by a cast: a most beautiful piece of consummate metal-work. Close by, fine Venus by Giovanni da Bologna. Also, *end wall*, his Galatea, a successful figure. All the small works on this wall should be carefully noted. In the centre of the room, Giovanni da Bologna's celebrated * Mercury, too often copied, perhaps the lightest work in bronze ever executed. Its poise is wonderful. It seems to soar naturally. But reproductions have vulgarized it. Fine bronze candelabra and other works. I omit many fine specimens of sculpture, such as the copy of the too famous Farnese bull. Do not overlook the handsome wooden ceiling.

“The *stairs* to the upper floor are in Room V, with the late ivories. Go back to it.

“The first apartment at which we arrive, Room I, has a fine timber roof, and is decorated with several original frescoes, those on the *end wall*, L, being attributed to the ever-dubious Giotto. That to the L, a fragment, probably forms part of a Joachim expelled from the Temple (?). To the R, meeting of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate, — only Joachim and the two servants with the rejected offering remaining. Compare with other frescoes of corresponding scenes, and you will be able to judge of these identifications. *Centre*, Madonna and Child, with Florentine saints, greatly injured.

“The *Entrance wall* has beautiful Della Robbia Madonnas, with crowning hands, angels, and other features. Two of these are the favourite subject of the Madonna Adoring the Child. The face of the **central one is inexpressibly beautiful. Beyond the door, Madonna supporting the dead Christ, by Ghirlandajo, a fine fresco. Further on, fresco of justice, between two suitors, attributed to Rossi. Beyond the window, Madonna and draped Child, of the later School of Giotto.

“*End wall*, more Della Robbias. Above, by Giovanni, Christ and the woman of Samaria. Beneath, by Andrea and Luca, Madonna and Child. In the earlier type (Luca and Andrea), the figures are usually white on a blue ground: later works of the same school (Giovanni, etc.) such as the Christ and the Woman of Samaria above, are in polychrome, and less pleasing

“*L wall*, returning, Christ and the Magdalen in the garden, of the later period. Beneath, in the predella, St. Francis receiving the stigmata (compare with pictures), the Resurrection, and the Maries at the Tomb. Beyond the window, more Della Robbias; charming little *Annunciation, good Ascension, *Madonna Adoring the Child (with delicious baby St. John of Florence), Nativity, and a lunette of St. Augustin. After seeing these Della Robbias, look out for similar lunettes and medallions over the doors or arcades of Florentine houses and churches (Ognissanti, Hospital of San Paolo, Innocenti, etc.). Beyond the next window, again, Madonna Adoring the Child. In this room (with the next) you

have the best opportunity afforded you of learning to admire and love the Della Robbias, especially Luca."

Now, I do not for a moment suppose this faint attempt to suggest to you beforehand what Florence is like, and why you ought to devote so much time to it, has been conspicuously successful. There is only one way to appreciate Florence, and that is by going there. But if I have roused your curiosity, if I have made you think about it seriously, I have done a great deal; and I hope I may also have given you some useful hints as to *the kind of way* in which you must see and study this queen of cities. I am not afraid that if I once get you there early you will hurry away. Florence burns itself into one's heart and one's brain. The difficulty is, when once you have seen it, to live elsewhere. You will want to sell all you have, and take an apartment for the rest of your life on the western Lung, — Lung' Arno.

CHAPTER XV

VENICE

IF you have taken my advice, you will have gone direct from Milan to Florence (stopping only at Pisa). But I know very well you will *not* take my advice. There are matters in which it is impossible for the best-intentioned people to save others from themselves; and this is one of them. I feel convinced that, in spite of the excellent reasons which exist for seeing Florence first, mere convenience of railway travelling, and ease in mapping out a plan of route, will make everybody go direct from Milan to Venice, and then on to Florence. They will not understand Venice half so well by so doing, it is true; for the grand panorama of the historical development of art unrolls itself before one's eyes nowhere as at Florence. Still, it is no use shutting one's eyes to plain facts of human nature; and as I know by experience, in spite of all I say, that you will rush blindly upon your fate by seeing Venice first, I may as well proceed to give you some idea as to what to see on your way thither.

First, however, I will proceed upon the improbable supposition that you *do* take my advice; in which case you must make your way from Florence to Venice *via* Bologna and Padua. I recommend you *not* to stop at Bologna on your way to Venice; it will be better for you to see it as you return, on your way to Rome. But to *Padua* you ought to give a couple of days at least; though, if you like, a very convenient way of seeing it is not to stop at Padua itself (the hotels are hardly faultless), but to run across for two successive days by the early morning train from Venice, returning in the evening. However that may be, it is worth while at least to catch a glimpse of Padua, both for the sake of its magnificent church, dedicated to its local Franciscan patron, St. Antony of Padua (here commonly known simply as "il Santo") but also for its splendid series of Giotto's in the little chapel of the *Madonna dell' Arena*, which will afford you a better and more pleasing idea of Giotto's art than any you could derive from the Florentine churches.

In saying this, I don't want you to suppose I have mentioned the only things you need go to see at Padua. It is rich in beautiful things,—in fact, if it were north of the Alps, it would be far more famous than Antwerp or Nuremberg; but

being in Italy, well, of course, it attracts relatively little attention. *Andrea Mantegna's frescoes* in the church of the Eremitani ought to occupy you for some time; then there are the ancient Giottesque frescoes by the local artists Avanzi and Altichieri, (important in the history of North Italian art) at the Cappella San Giorgio — deliciously naïve stories of the lives of St. George, to whom the chapel is dedicated, and of his like-minded sister-saints, Catherine and Lucy; as well as the celebrated Titians of the Scuola del Santo. These, with the magnificent shrine of Sant' Antonio himself, the reliefs by Donatello, Riccio, and Bellano, the great equestrian statue of Gattamelata by Donatello, and the beautiful Palma Vecchio of the Scuola del Carmine will take you at least two days merely to walk through with the most casual inspection. To tell you the truth, that is why I hesitate about sending you to the smaller towns of Italy at all. You cannot give them a week or two apiece; and less than a week or two is quite inadequate to see them in. It is absurd to suppose you can see Padua as you might see Ghent or Winchester or Rouen.

At the same time, it may strike you that the finest works of art at Padua (with the exception of the Mantegas) are by Florentine artists such

as Giotto and Donatello; and that will show you once more why I have advised you so strenuously to *go to Florence first*, and stop there longest.

On the other hand, if you decline to follow my advice (as I know you *will* do), then you will probably proceed from Milan to Venice direct; in which case you will probably desire to stop on the way for a night (or two) at *Verona*. Undoubtedly Verona is one of the most picturesque of Italian cities, and it is full of interest; but if you see it before Florence, it will not do you much good at the present stage of your acquaintance with Italian art. It is too specialised and too provincial. However, as a picturesque town alone, it is well worth seeing. Its combination of attractions is considerable — nay, almost unique. It has Roman remains of importance, — an amphitheatre and a fine triumphal arch. It has the most picturesque market-place I have ever seen, surrounded by noble mediæval buildings. It has four or five splendid churches, one of them, the Romanesque San Zeno, full of the profoundest interest. It has the charming Tombs of the Scaligers, masterpieces of Gothic monumental art. It has many excellent pictures; and a master all of its own, whom you cannot study elsewhere, Cavazzola, one of the most touching painters of the High Renaissance. Baedeker

holds you out hopes that all these sights may be seen in a day. I should have said one day was insufficient for San Zeno alone, which is full of detail of the most interesting description. Give Verona at least two whole days, four, if possible; and then remember that you have but begun it.

Let me warn you in passing to cast Romeo and Juliet out of your mind in Verona. Shakespeare never was here; and the object shown to visitors as Juliet's tomb is a Roman sarcophagus. Avoid such will-o'-the-wisps, such romantic false associations, and confine yourself to the realities,—Catullus, Gallienus, Theodoric the Goth, the della Scalas, the great Veronese painters, Vittore Pisano, Liberale da Verona, the Morones, Girolamo dai Libri, Cavazzola, the Bonifazios, Paolo Veronese, and so forth. These are surely enough, without dragging in mere English poets.

You will pass Padua on your way from Verona to Venice; but I advise you rather to go over and see it from Venice.

For *Venice* itself, I will not say very much. My task grows easier. Of course, there is nothing on earth so satisfying as Venice. You cannot be disappointed with it. Visitors are often chilled by the first view of Florence. The Cathedral, the Campanile, the Baptistery fail to come up to

their high-wrought expectations,—fail just at first, that is to say, for the longer you know them the more you love them. “Is this all?” people ask; “this rather plain and unattractive city?” You have to find out Florence by slow degrees; to let her beauty and her wealth of art dawn upon you piecemeal, in the Uffizi, in the Belle Arti, in the dim aisles of Santa Croce, among the marvellous Romanesque carvings of San Miniato. The longer you know her, the more you love her, the more you see in her. You learn at last that third-rate churches, like the Trinità or the Ognissanti, enclose works of art which elsewhere would be famous. But Venice is not like that. Almost as inexhaustible in the end as Florence, she bursts upon you from the first moment with a glow of romance, of grandeur, of beauty. She takes you by storm. Years after, perhaps, Florence lives with you as a sweeter memory; but Venice captivates you at sight like a proud and queenly woman.

The very arrival at the railway station—elsewhere so prosaic—delights one at once by its strangeness and its novelty. You approach Venice nowadays, it is true, by the back door, so to speak; she is a *maritime city*, and the great Doges and builders of the period when she held the gorgeous

East in fee laid out their town to face seaward—to be approached by its glorious front door from the Adriatic. The visitor who has the luck to reach her so to-day, from Port Said or Alexandria, sails up through the navigable channel with the domes of St. Mark's and the Salute to guide him; he anchors just in front of the Dogana di Mare; and he lands at last on the marble steps of the Piazzetta, with the Doge's Palace and the glories of the Piazza straight in front of him. He comes at once on a blaze of gold and colour. We nowadays, on the other hand, creep in at the back from landward, as Venice was never intended to be approached. We cross the shallow lagoon by a long viaduct, and disembark in the poorest and least artistically beautiful quarter of the sea-built city. Yet even so, it is all Venice. Nothing can detract from the delight and romance of that first arrival.

You quit the station, and go down to your gondola. You knew about it all before, of course, but you did not realise it. You were aware that there were and could be no horses in Venice; but not till you reach that landing by the Grand Canal do you picture to yourself the life of a great city, all carried on entirely by means of boats. You take your seat in your gondola, and glide swiftly and noiselessly down some side canal, under mysterious

little bridges, and past mouldering palaces, till you arrive at last at your hotel on the Riva or by the front of the Salute. It is all one dream; yet *a dream come true*, the only true dream in this world of disappointments.

Then the Piazza! You sally forth to see Venice, and emerge from a narrow lane upon the great square, in its full flood of sunshine. I am not going to describe it; words do not describe Venice. It is a burst of emotions. I will only say that here at last you will exclaim, "They did not tell me half! I expected much; the reality far exceeds my expectation."

In this matter I always mentally contrast *St. Mark's* and the Great Pyramid. The first time I saw the Pyramids from the Citadel at Cairo, I looked across at them and felt, "Yes, there they are! The good old familiar Pyramids of my childhood!" When I saw them nearer, it was just the same; the actuality added no points of detail to the mental picture. The Pyramids have no sculpture, no ornament, no decorative adjuncts. But *St. Mark's*! You have known it from your childhood, you think, with its domes and pinnacles; and yet, when you see it, you learn at once that you never knew it at all, so infinite is its detail, so varied its attractiveness. Why, the outside of one

wall alone gives you work for a week, so full is it of decorative designs, so rich in sculpture, in inlaid stone, in mosaic.

St. Mark's alone is endless. *No man ever knows St. Mark's.* Within and without, it is one mass of carved figures, of mosaics, of gold and precious stones and marble and alabaster. It defies description. I will not even try to tell you how to see St. Mark's. You cannot see it. I will only say this: outside the church is a sort of porch or atrium, which itself I have never yet succeeded (after many long visits to Venice) in wholly deciphering. This atrium alone has seven domes, and all these domes, with the arches and wall-spaces around them, are encrusted internally with endless and quaint mosaic pictures. The first dome contains the scenes of the Creation; and adequately to examine this one set alone — Byzantine work of the twelfth century — requires you to stand gazing up at the roof till your neck aches. I have spent hours and hours in spelling out all the subjects in those seven exterior domes, all the obscure Greek or early Italian saints on the walls and arches of this porch alone, and I am still far from having identified every individual subject. As to the interior, it is a question of acres. A book which should decipher the whole of St.

Mark's would run to three or four stout and closely printed volumes.

Therefore I do not ask you to stop long enough in Venice to *see St. Mark's*. Human life extends on the average to only threescore years and ten — which of course are inadequate. I ask you merely to remember that in Venice you must make a choice of what you will see, and be content with a moderate standard of seeing it. Begin with St. Mark's, but do not try to "do" it all at once. Take it slowly, a bit at a time. Return at frequent intervals (interposing other things) and add a few square yards of mosaic or of sculpture to your examined stock on each occasion. Sit often in the church, and look about you with an opera-glass at what comes nearest. There is only one St. Mark's in Europe. See what you see systematically, and choose what interests you most; but renounce the impossible task of understanding all of it. Above all things, bear in mind that this church was built by the Venetians, the greatest maritime power in the mediæval world, and practically an outlying fragment of the Byzantine Empire in the West for many centuries, in order to contain the actual *body of the evangelist St. Mark*, which they carried off from Alexandria, and which lies to this day under the High Altar. Unless you

appreciate this importance of the body of St. Mark, you will never really understand Venice.

After St. Mark's, and the great group of buildings which surround the Piazza, the most important things to see in Venice are *the pictures*. But these again are best understood *after* you have visited the churches, and especially the four great *plague-churches* of different dates, — St. Sebastian, San Rocco, San Giobbe, and the Salute. An immense deal of Venetian art and religion centres round the plague. Trafficking always with the plague-stricken East, Venice was specially liable to visitations of this scourge, as were all the other towns of the Adriatic; and each visitation brought forth a whole crop of new churches, chapels, and votive pictures. Nowadays, we should say, "Overhaul your main drainage system." In the Middle Ages men said, "Build a shrine to the holy Job, who was plagued with boils and blains, or bring hither the body of San Rocco from Montpellier." So they sent and stole San Rocco, the holy man who had ministered to the plague-stricken till he was smitten himself, and built him a noble church, and an equally noble charitable institution, the Scuola di San Rocco. All these plague-churches are full of plague-pictures, a sufficient account of which will appear in my

HISTORICAL GUIDE TO VENICE, which I hope to have ready about the same time as this volume.

There is a votive work of Titian's, now housed in the *Salute* (the most imposing but by far the least interesting of these great plague-churches), which will well illustrate the sort of thing at which I am here driving. It is older than the building in which it now stands. It was painted to commemorate the plague of 1512—the same in which Giorgione died—and to return thanks to God for its cessation. In the centre St. Mark is seated on a lofty throne; and to a mediæval Venetian St. Mark typified Venice, just as to a modern Englishman the figure of Britannia holding a trident typifies England. He carries his Gospel in his hands, just to let you see that this is an Evangelist. A cloud passes over him and casts a shadow upon him; Venice is under a cloud from the pestilence. On his right hand stand St. Sebastian with his arrows, always symbolical of the plague, and St. Roch (San Rocco), whose body the Venetians stole from Montpelier; he lifts his robe, as usual, to show a plague-spot on his right thigh. These are the two great patrons against plague. On the left stand St. Cosmo and St. Damian, here not as patrons of the Medici, but as the holy physicians. They hold in their hands surgical instruments and pots

of ointment. Hence the whole meaning of the picture is this — Venice preserved from the Plague of 1512, by the potent aid of our patron St. Mark, assisted by the intercession of our local plague-saints, Sebastian and Rocco, the care of the sainted leeches, Cosmo and Damian, and the skill and devotion of our medical profession. If you look in the ordinary guide-books you will find this complex work described as “St. Mark Enthroned, with other Saints.” And much that tells you about it!

I advise you, therefore, to begin your tour of the Venetian pictures, *not* with the Academy, where they are divorced from their surroundings, but with the various *churches*, where you see them in their true organic connection with the saints or the worship for which they were designed. The four great plague-churches may come first; after them in due order you might take San Giorgio degli Schiavone, where Carpaccio’s series from the life of St. George, painted for the Dalmatian or Slavonian brotherhood who owned the church, will put you into the proper frame of mind for appreciating the similar series of St. Ursula and of the Holy Cross at the Academy. When you have seen these, and the Redentore, you might proceed to attack the great *picture gallery* itself; and then the Doge’s Palace (interior).

For the *Academy* and the *Doge's Palace*, one great point to be borne in mind is the commercial greatness and aristocratic constitution of Venice. A great many of the pictures are curious local variants or modifications of the type so common elsewhere, in which a votary adores the Madonna and Child. But at Venice the votary is usually a Doge or other very important oligarch; and so big does he loom in proportion to the subject that we can see at last the votive picture is only a means of painting the Doge's portrait, and exhibiting him in the full dignity of his ducal robes. Indeed, in some late pictures this purpose is openly and frankly avowed; instead of Our Lady, we find the Doge in the presence of an allegorical Venice. If you visit Venice *after* you have seen Florence, the sumptuousness and wealth of the Venetian pictures will certainly strike you, as well as the matronly and aristocratic type of the Blessed Virgin, compared with the simple and girlish Florentine Madonnas.

I am not here writing a Guide to Venice, therefore I will not say much in this place about the pictures in the Academy. I hope by this time you have sufficiently caught at my general *point of view* to render such detail unnecessary, except in the presence of the actual buildings or sculptures or mosaics or pictures. I will only add, therefore,

that you ought to devote *at least a month* to Venice; and that in that month you can only expect to get a very casual glimpse of her inexhaustible riches. If you take a month, the greater part should be devoted to St. Mark's and the Academy; though you must also see the four great plague-churches, San Giorgio, the Frari, and San Giovanni e Paolo. Unless your time is *very* free, and your leisure unbounded, I would strongly dissuade you from visiting any of the lesser sights, such as the Arsenal, the galleries of the private palaces, the interiors of the Library, the Mint, and other Government buildings, the minor churches, other than those specified, and the surrounding towns, such as Murano and Chioggia. I do not deny that an *excursion by steamboat* in the afternoon or evening to these islands and to the Lido is useful as showing you the true position of Venice; but I would warn you against trying to see them in the sense of visiting their churches and pictures. You have no time for these things. Indeed, I hardly know how you can manage to look at such almost indispensable objects as San Salvatore, with its gorgeous Titian and Carpaccio, San Giovanni Crisostomo, with its exquisite Bellini, and the Madonna dell'Orto, with its noble Tintoretto. I fear to advise you even to glance at Palma Vecchio's St. Barbara

in Santa Maria Formosa, or at the extremely interesting early Venetian works in San Zaccaria. How then can you find time for the adjacent islands?

Above all, at Venice more than elsewhere, I caution you strongly against the idea that to rush about and see things pell-mell all over the place can be of any use to you. *What you see, see thoroughly*, and see slowly. Chew it and digest it. The habit of bolting spoils foreign travel. It is better to spend two days over San Giorgio degli Schiavoni than to be able to boast at *table d'hôte* in the evening that to-day you crossed the Rialto, looked into San Giovanni Elemosinario, — “first-rate Titian!” — *did* Santa Maria Mater Domini, walked through the Correr Museum, saw everything in the Frari, formed a critical opinion of the Scuola di San Rocco, and came home with a splitting headache. In a week's time you will have forgotten whether the Frari was at Venice or Verona, will think that Titian painted Tintoretto's Crucifixion, and will believe that the Pesaro Madonna is in the Redentore, where Carpaccio placed it over the High Altar as a monumental offering to his friend, Paolo Veronese. If you wish to avoid such nightmares as these, *take your Venice slowly*, and read it up as you go in competent authorities.

CHAPTER XVI

ROMEWARDS

LAND is now in sight. I see, not far ahead, the end of my labours. To say the truth, when once I had got you safely landed in Florence, I felt that my task was almost completed. If you have seen Florence, and seen it properly, your education has passed the critical stage; you can be largely trusted now to *choose for yourself* where to go and what to see. You have eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

At least, I hope so. And if you have not, well, I cannot avail you much. Italy, after all, must be its own interpreter. The most the teacher can do is to put you *on the right track* for understanding and enjoying it.

So off we start from Venice *Romewards*. By this time, I hope, you will have learned that every town in Italy — as in Europe generally — is not merely “the place where you are to see” the Amphitheatre or St. Mark’s, Giotto’s Campanile or Raphael’s Spozalizio. Each is a whole: each

has a history, a school of art, an atmosphere of its own. It is Lombard or Tuscan, aristocratic or despotic; it has its ruling families and its popular saints, its associations with Germany or with the Byzantine Empire, its architectural traditions, its preponderance of marble or mosaic or fresco, its favourite religious orders, its enthusiasts, its reformers. After seeing Florence and Venice, with perhaps Pisa and Padua thrown in, you ought fairly to have grasped this truth; you ought to see for yourself that architecture, painting, sculpture, decoration have *an organic connection* with the national life, the city's type and temperament and history. The value of works of art is thus vastly enhanced, and their intellectual pleasurable almost doubled by seeing them in the surroundings which originally inspired them.

It is largely on this account, too, that I have tried to dissuade you from wasting too much time at first in London and Paris and the German cities. To see a picture by Mantegna in the Louvre is one thing; to see it at Mantua or Padua or Verona in its original setting, is quite another. If you went to Dresden before you went to Florence, you would see there Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto; and you would consider Dresden mainly as the place where that particular picture is

housed. And in so doing, you would form a false impression. Just because Dresden has little coherency and congruity of its own — just because it is a museum of gathered art — a scratch collection — I have warned you against going to see it till you have seen and learned the ways of other European cities which will put you in the right road for understanding the inner heart of Europe. The less time you can afford to spend in Europe, the more necessary is it for you to *economise wisely* by getting to Florence and Venice as early as possible.

So from this point on, my treatment must be more rapid. Either I have convinced you of the justness of my plan — in which case no more words are needed; or else I have not — in which case more words will probably fail to impress you.

You will return to Rome *via Ferrara, Bologna, and Florence*. About stopping at the two first of these towns, I leave you now to use your own judgment. The question of time must settle the matter. Grass-grown *Ferrara* has an interesting school of art of its own, which also leads up to the Bolognese masters, by action and reaction. A couple of nights might give you a rough idea of it. Sleepy *Bologna*, so mediæval, so modern, so quaintly jumbled, is immensely interesting; it has also a school

of art of its own, which in its earlier age culminated in Francia, and later gave birth to the most annoying and mannered of the sixteenth and seventeenth century painters, such as the Carracci, Guido, and Domenichino, of whose affected and intrinsically vulgar works — painted to suit the taste of Popes and Cardinals — you will see more than enough in the dreary Roman galleries. Nevertheless, three or four days ought (if possible) to be devoted to Bologna, especially as regards its earliest Christian remains, some of which are most interesting. Here you may begin to take note of sarcophagi. From Bologna, I recommend either a *détour* of two or three days to *Ravenna*, or else (which is better) two or three separate long day excursions. The journey is endless, and the days tedious; but still, it is pleasanter and safer so than stopping the night at Ravenna. No town in Italy is so rich as this in early Christian antiquities of the intermediate period — churches and mosaics of the later Empire, of Theodoric the Goth and his Arian heretics, and of Justinian and the Byzantines. It is a museum of the decadence. Here alone in Italy one can trace in full the long decline of the Roman Empire, the history of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries; here alone one can note how the classical spirit merges by degrees into

the barbaric and mediæval, or rises once more into Byzantine formalism. For myself, I would say, *try to see Ravenna*, even if you have thereby to forego Naples. You will find it far more instructive and infinitely more amusing. It is one of the ugliest yet one of the most surpassingly and entrancingly interesting cities in Europe.

From Ravenna and Bologna, *return to Florence*. It would not be a bad plan, if you can manage it, to spend two or three days more now in Florence, before starting for Rome, in order to see again certain objects by the light cast on them from the reflections of Venice. Compare, compare, compare! That is the whole gospel of the study of art. You will find every day things that you saw before take new meanings from what you have learnt later.

Then, on to *Rome*. On your way you can take *Orvieto*, without diverging from the main route; or, by a slight *détour*, *Siena*, or else *Perugia*. Of the three, Siena is the most important, Perugia the least so. But if time permits, try to see all three; they are infinitely more valuable and delightful than Munich or Dresden. I will not now insist on the sort of thing you should see in each, or the way you should see it. *Siena* is a town of the highest artistic rank, with a school of its own which dates

back very far, and which largely influenced the school of Florence. It has also a cathedral which, internally at least, is the most satisfying in Italy — as a Gothic building, for St. Mark's stands apart without peer or second. Besides, nothing in Italy is quite so typically and mediævally Italian as Siena; it seems to have stood still since the days of Pinturicchio; as I walk along the streets, I always think to myself with a little start of ever-recurrent yet fresh surprise, "To me, this is a wonderful relic of the Middle Ages — but these people *live here!* To them this is just the nineteenth century." The Pinturicchios in the cathedral library alone are worth all London. *Orvieto* has an astounding cathedral, almost as noble as Siena, and externally superior. But you cannot see *everything*. *Perugia* does not boast any one building so fine as these, but its attractions are manifold, and it is indispensable for a comprehension of Umbrian art in every direction. It has also, in the *Tombs of the Volumnii*, the most accessible remains of the ancient Etruscans. *Assisi* can be easily combined in the same tour with *Perugia*.

As for *Rome itself*, I shall not attempt here to give you more than the most generalised outline. There are too many Romes; you must choose for

yourself which one amongst them specially interests you.

Unless you are a classical scholar and antiquary, I do not advise you to give much time to the *ruins of Ancient Rome*; and if you are a classical scholar and antiquary, you will know for yourself what to look at, or will have recourse to good books of reference on the subject, such as Burn's *Rome and the Campagna*, Middleton's *Ancient Rome*, Lanciani, etc. All I shall do here will be to suggest to the ordinary tourist what things at Rome he ought to see, and what he may safely neglect as unimportant.

A few *buildings of Ancient Rome* still survive in a form which renders it worth while to visit them. Such are the Flavian Amphitheatre, commonly called the *Colosseum*, the *Pantheon*, the *Arch of Constantine*, the *Column of Trajan*, the *Column of Marcus Aurelius*, and the little round temple of *Hercules Victor* or of the *Mater Matuta*, commonly called the *Temple of Vesta*. I should advise you to begin your Rome chronologically, in a rough way, by visiting these first; for I am not writing for people who want to see the Wall of Servius Tullius or the Cloaca Maxima. These things are for specialists; when you are in London, you will not enquire into the Outfall of the Metropolitan Sewers at Barking; and I do not see why, when you are at

Rome, you should enquire into the Main Drainage of the ancient republic. My counsel is, therefore, see first those *larger buildings of Ancient Rome* which still stand tolerably *intact*, and which will give you an idea of the position, extent, and grandeur of the antique city. In order to get this idea fleshed out in full, however, you must also spend a little time in exploring the waste district to the southeast of the existing city, since Modern Rome has spread northward and westward of the old populated area. Stroll out here often, and look for yourself at the hills of the earlier population.

For the more ruinous portions of the old town, I have a very moderate regard. They consist largely of uninteresting *ground plans*. Of course, if you are saturated with the literature of ancient Rome, — if you know your Horace, your Martial, your Juvenal by heart, — you will find a pleasure of association in all these spots; and if it really delights you to recognise under modern aliases the Gardens of Sallust and the Fountain of Egeria and the Arch of the Money-changers, I would not deny you that pleasure of identification: all I mean is, don't let your guide-book persuade you (an American young lady, let us say, with no first-hand knowledge of the Epodes or the Third Satire) that you must pump up a false enthusiasm for the

Porta Capena or go wild with joy over the Portico of Octavia. Confine yourself for the most part to those objects in Ancient Rome which you can really understand, and whose *artistic importance* gives them a living value to you. It is better to spend doubtful hours in the galleries of the Vatican than to waste them on poking out potsherds on the Monte Testaccio.

As a good example of what you *need not see* to any great extent, I would venture to mention the *Palatine Hill*. This most famous and most ancient of the Roman heights is a mere shapeless mass of ruined brick-work. I do not mean, of course, that you are not to visit it at all; far be it from me to say so: the Palatine was the oldest Rome of all, the primitive hill-fortress of the real or mythical Romulus, the antique *Roma Quadrata* or Square Rome, portions of whose very early wall of circumvallation have been brought to light in various places; and it remained to the end the centre and most important site of Imperial Rome, with the Palace of the Cæsars crowning its crest and occupying the site of the immemorial home of the Seven Kings. Therefore I would say to you, go early in your visit for *a stroll on the Palatine*, and try to understand from it its relation to the Capitol, the Forum, the Aventine, the Esquiline, and the

other chief heights or depressions or plains of Ancient Rome. Use it topographically as your centre and standard of reference; orient yourself by means of it; recollect always when you are dealing with Ancient Rome that the Palatine is its focus and starting-point, as the Forum is the seat of its corporate life. But do not (unless you feel a genuine interest in identifying the spots) feel constrained to go over it all, guide-book in hand, laboriously satisfying yourself as to each English or German scholar's reason for asserting or denying that this particular mass of broken brick is or is not the Auguratorium or the Palace of Severus. Neglect detail. Take the Palatine as a whole; look at the few objects it contains of artistic interest; examine the mural paintings in the House of Livia; cast a glance at the altar with the figures of the Lares; make the best you can of it: but do not, oh, do not imagine you are bound in honour to decide questions about which doctors disagree, or to inspect at great length every basement room in the Palace of Augustus. The Cæsars themselves never saw those rooms: the domestic arrangements of the imperial slaves may surely be left to competent antiquaries.

If you bear this principle in mind, you will find to your relief that you can reduce your investiga-

tion of Ancient Rome within reasonable limits of time, which I will not presume to define for you. First of all, I would say, orient yourself by the Palatine, the Capitol, and a few other points. Then visit the great classical buildings mentioned above, which are not in ruins. After that, try to form a general conception of the *Forum Romanum* and the buildings or bases of buildings which it contains, paying most attention to the tolerably perfect and artistic remains, like the *Arch of Septimius Severus*, the *Arch of Titus*, and the *marble reliefs* near the Column of Phocas. Devote relatively less time to the more ruinous objects, such as the *Colonnade of the Twelve Gods*, the *Temple of Vespasian*, the *Temple of Castor and Pollux*, or the *Rostra*; and give very little indeed to such mere fragmentary architectural groundplans as the *Basilica Julia*, the *Temple of Vesta*, the *Basilica of Constantine*, and the *Temple of Concord*, which are of purely historical and antiquarian importance. If you have never read Livy, why should you be anxious to settle the exact site of some building which Livy mentions in a difficult or doubtful passage? You are not always trying in New York to discover where particular events occurred: if you are no classic, you need not in Rome either.

Still less would I advise you (save in the ex-

ceptional case where a special literary or historical interest leads you) to trouble much about the sites of the various *Fora of the Cæsars*, now almost overgrown and hidden by modern houses. It is mere waste of time for you, a six-monthly visitor, to go out of your way to hunt up the fragments of the Ulpian Basilica, of the Forum of Nerva, of the Temple of Minerva, of the Temple of Mars Ultor, and so forth through the long catalogue of minor ruins. If you happen to come across them in your walks, identify them by all means; but don't run about to discover them. Remember, this is Rome; it has ten thousand claims of the first importance on your time and attention; and if you worry about the Pyramid of Cestius or the House of Crescentius, you will neglect in the end the weightier matters of the law, — the sculpture of the Capitol or the mosaics of Santa Maria Maggiore. Let minor things slide, and stick to essentials.

In this general condemnation, however, I will not include the *Baths* or *Thermæ*, especially those of Caracalla and of Diocletian. The latter contain the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and also a good Museum of Antiques, which will begin to introduce you to the important subject of ancient sculpture. You will have had glimpses of ancient plastic art already at Paris and Florence, but it is

at Rome that you will first catch full sight of the gods and goddesses.

And here, if you take my advice, you will set out on your investigation by visiting those far more important collections of ancient art which above all things else make a visit to Rome obligatory. Take your subject chronologically, as I have tried to make you take other cities. Begin with Ancient Rome itself — its hills, its Forum, its temples, its palaces, its deserted site, its few existing sculptured monuments, such as the Arches of Severus and of Constantine. Then go on to the collections of statuary and other works of art, the product of excavations, now laid up in the *Capitoline*, the *Vatican*, and other museums. See the framework or skeleton first; examine the fragments torn from it or rescued from it afterwards. If you will see Rome in this way, you will run some chance of partially understanding it; if you insist upon taking it up and down, unchronologically, anyhow — on visiting it by “districts” — on rushing from the Raphaels at the Vatican to the antique sculpture in the Capitoline, and then from the Gladiator or the Venus to the Guidos, the Byzantinesque mosaics, and the mediæval frescoes, — you will never grasp it. Follow a definite plan, and follow it logically.

At the same time, I am aware that the flesh is

weak. I do not say you must see all Ancient Rome first, all transitional Rome next, then all mediæval Rome, and all the Renaissance. That were to ask too much of a latter-day tourist. I think it will be sufficient if you see first the external framework of Ancient Rome; after that, take a day now and again at the Capitoline Museum or in the Sculpture Galleries of the Vatican, interspersing them with other (alternate) visits to the Picture Galleries or to Raphael's frescoes. Begin Ancient and Modern Rome separately, but see each chronologically. All I ask is that you form to yourself first a clear idea of the *emplacement* and main monuments of the ancient town, and then keep an eye on the transition to its mediæval and modern representatives.

It will be best, I believe, to set out on your investigation of the *classical sculpture* with the museum in the Baths of Diocletian; then go on to the two Capitoline collections; and finish off with the vast treasures of the Vatican. It will do you no harm now, however, while you are at work on the *Capitol*, to see its other great sights at the same time — I do not mean of course in one day — Heaven forbid — but in connection with one another. Only, remember all the time to place each part chronologically in its proper niche. Don't

jumble the centuries. The Capitol is a whole, a city within a city; and though it has been entirely transformed in modern days, there are advantages in examining it alone, stratum by stratum, from its earliest republican remains to its equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, its very ancient Christian church of Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, its transformed palaces by Michael Angelo, and its purely recent alterations and additions. Indeed, I incline to say, it would be best to take the entire group of the Capitoline Hill *en bloc*, as early as possible after mastering the main mass of Ancient Rome.

Of the *Vatican Sculpture Gallery*, I need not say much. Once I allow you to enter it, the difficulty will be to get you out again. For here are collected in noble and worthy rooms the finest masterpieces of plastic art which antiquity has bequeathed to us.

Give many, many days to the various collections of antique sculpture.

And now my difficulties as cicerone thicken. For though I am not anticipating my Guide to Rome, but merely trying to make you feel the vastness and many-sidedness of the Eternal City, yet I cannot deny that the task of leading you about it is an onerous and responsible one. After Pagan Rome we come to *Early Christian and Tran-*

sitional Rome, in itself a most fascinating and endless study. Here you ought certainly to begin your study with the *Catacombs*, which form the first chapter in the long and curious history of Roman Christianity. With the entirely classical Christian art of the earliest Catacomb pictures you may compare the equally classical sculpture of the earliest Christian sarcophagi at the Vatican and the Lateran, many of which have been brought from these cemeteries. Side by side with the beginnings of Christian art in the great honeycombed underground city, indeed, you ought to examine the *Christian Museum of the Lateran*, a collection of reliefs, statues, inscriptions, and mosaics of the utmost importance as showing you the origins of ideas and designs in much later painting and sculpture. Do not mix up in your mind the various collections in the Lateran, pagan, early Christian, and modern, with ignorant indiscriminateness, but visit each in its proper order, for comparison with objects of the same type and period. Thus only can the priceless riches of the Lateran yield their full value up to you.

At the same time that you are visiting these collections of early Christian art, I recommend you also to examine such other relics of the same age as the *Baptistry of the Lateran* itself, which dates

back to Pope Sixtus III. in the fifth century: as well as *the Lateran Church*, which, though immensely remodelled, still stands upon the site of Constantine's basilica. You should also visit the Scala Santa, brought from Pilate's palace at Jerusalem by the Empress Helena; and the mosaics copied from the Triclinium of Leo III., representing the restoration of the Western Empire by Charlemagne. I will not try here to suggest the ideally best order for visiting the older churches of Rome or the mosaics in the newer ones which have survived from older buildings; I will only say in this regard that you may comparatively neglect dull modern erections like St. Peter's — the most disappointing church in Christendom — in order to find time for the beautiful fifth-century mosaics of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, the similar series at *San Paolo fuori le Mura*, and the quaint relics of the sixth century in *SS. Cosmo and Damian*. Interesting in quite another way is the ancient church of *San Clemente*, with its superposed buildings of three different ages. The *Cælian Hill*, once more, is covered with old churches and monasteries of the profoundest interest, often lonely and dilapidated, but affording the true clue to much that is difficult in the art of later ages. Such buildings as these are worth ten gaudy St.

Peters. It is *this* that you can get at Rome alone ; and I advise you to ferret out a few such strange old oratories and frescoes at hap-hazard, instead of wasting your time among the seventeenth-century inanities of the great private picture galleries, the whole of which are not worth the mosaics of S. Prassede and of Santa Maria Maggiore. Indeed, unless you have abundance of leisure, I would say, do not trouble about the Barberini or the Borghese collections ; they are of fourth-rate interest.

For *Mediæval and Renaissance Rome*, you will now need no guide. It is the least interesting Rome of all ; yet it is the common and familiar Rome of the average tourist. Much of it centres round St. Peter's and the main building of the *Vatican*, where artists of all ages and all Italian schools have added their part, often incongruously enough, to the general adornment of the home of the Papacy. Fra Angelico covered with delicate frescoes the walls of the dainty little Cappella Niccolina ; but you can feel at once, as you gaze on them, that the saintly friar's heart was not here ; he could not paint for triple-crowned popes and scarlet-robed cardinals as he painted for his simple-souled ascetics at San Marco. The Sistine Chapel, again, is a perfect museum of the art of the fifteenth-century Tuscans and Umbrians, — Perugino, Pin-

turicchio, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Cosimo Rosselli, and Luca Signorelli; but none is at his best: and you will see at once that this heterogeneous collection of dissimilar painters would be quite meaningless to you if you had not studied their other works first at Florence, Siena, Orvieto, and Perugia. That is why you must *not* go to Rome at the beginning: you will find there, not the history and evolution of art, but a few stray works of a few supreme and disconnected artists.

Most visitors, I notice, make, furthermore, the worst use of Rome by their foolish and sheep-like habit of running after what they consider *the great masterpieces*. "We have not time for everything," they say; "let us concentrate ourselves on what is most important." So they go to the Vatican, and in the *Sistine Chapel* they see only Michael Angelo's ceiling and his Last Judgment; I have even known good folk declare with emphasis that they have often spent hours in the Sistine Chapel, and that there are *no* works there except Michael Angelo's. If you visit Rome in this spirit, Rome will teach you the least that is possible for her. Of course, even so, you will learn much—you *must* learn much: it is n't conceivable that a man should drive from the Porta del Popolo to the Forum and the Colosseum without learning

much — it is n't conceivable that he should walk once through the main chambers of the Vatican without coming away impressed and in a sense altered. But if you want to learn *the most* that Rome can teach you, you will not confine yourself to Michael Angelo's ceiling and Raphael's Stanze ; you will see a few parts thoroughly, of great men and of almost as great, and not rush about with blind zeal after the most famous pictures and the most frequently photographed pieces of statuary. In the opinion of many competent judges, there are other objects in the Sistine Chapel quite as well worth looking at as the Last Judgment.

I am not going to dwell at length upon the treasures of the Vatican. You must, of course, go there often ; but in my opinion, most visitors to Rome give too much of their time to this one vast collection, and too little to the Lateran, the old churches, and the scattered objects. Too much relatively, I mean, of course, for the Vatican, if it comes to that, can never be seen. Each of Raphael's rooms requires separate study ; so do the Loggie ; and then there is the *Picture Gallery* as well, which, though not rich in number of works, contains not a few deeply interesting masterpieces. Here again, as you wander among the Titians, the Bellinis, the Fra Angelicos, the Raphaels, the

Peruginos, the Pinturicchios, you will understand at last how little you could understand all these if you had unwisely come here *before* visiting Venice and Florence. The two great local capitals introduce you by orderly degrees to the knowledge of art in its local distinctness; at Rome you get only a confused and mingled idea of all schools and ages.

Among the things at the Vatican which you *cannot* afford to miss is the *Etruscan collection*.

What more can I say of Rome? I hardly know. Its vastness overwhelms me. It is five distinct cities. I will take, as I have done elsewhere, a single building as a specimen — not a building, some would say, of the very first order of interest — and try to show you, or rather suggest to you, how to see it.

Santa Maria Maggiore, or St. Mary of the Snows, the conspicuous church which crowns the Esquiline hill, does not look from outside a particularly ancient or beautiful building. You might take it at first for a mere modern cathedral. That is a thing to which you have to get accustomed as best you may at Rome; for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries tried their little hardest to destroy Roman history and ruthlessly improved almost everything in the city into their own image. But

Santa Maria is nevertheless a very ancient church, and it occupies a site of immemorial antiquity. There are some eighty St. Marys, I believe, in Rome; but this is the largest, and probably the oldest of all. Somewhere about the year 355, shortly after Christianity triumphed in the city, the Blessed Virgin, then much less revered than afterwards, appeared in a dream to Pope Liberius (who died in 366), and commanded him to erect a church to her on the spot where he should find next morning a fall of snow. As it was August the 5th, Liberius hesitated to believe the vision; but he discovered next day that the Patrician John had had a similar dream at the same moment. The two, much wondering, went together to the summit of the Esquiline, and found the snow which Our Lady had foretold to them. Thereupon they erected a Basilica on the spot, called after the Pope's name the Basilica Liberiana, which it still officially retains. Of this oldest church, few or no remains exist; but the name of Santa Maria ad Nives (St. Mary at the Snow) still recalls the miracle, and the 5th of August on which it occurred is still the church's chief festival, with those of the Nativity and the Assumption.

In 430, once more, a great Council sat at Ephesus, to consider among other things the

position and cult of the *Blessed Virgin*. About this subject a schism or difference of opinion had grown up in the church. One party, following Nestorius, maintained that in Christ the two natures, human and divine, remained separate, and that therefore Mary, the mother of the man, was not (as believers already began to call her) the Theotokos, or Mother of God. The Monophysites, on the other hand, maintained that in Christ the two natures, human and divine, were blended in one, and that therefore the Blessed Virgin was truly in very deed the Mother of God. The Council of Ephesus condemned the Nestorians as heretics; and thenceforth the church sanctioned the representation of the Madonna and Child, and the title of Mother of God as applied to the Virgin.

In 432, accordingly, just after the settlement of this important question, Pope Sixtus III. decided to *rebuild the Basilica Liberiana* in a style more worthy of the Madonna's increased importance. He therefore erected a new basilica, which he consecrated under the name of Sancta Maria Mater Dei, which the Council had just decided to be orthodox. Thus Santa Maria Maggiore must be looked upon from the beginning as a manifesto, so to speak, of *triumphant Mariolatry* over the heretical Nestorians;

and everything it contains bears witness to this day to the greatness of the Blessed Virgin as the chosen Theotokos. If you enter the church, you will find that the nave of Pope Sixtus's building still remains, with its ancient marble columns, and forms the finest old basilican interior in the city. Not less remarkable are its noble mosaics of the fifth century, the finest specimens of classical Christian art in Rome, interesting alike from their importance in the history of design, and from their close connection with the life of Our Lady. They represent events in the story of the Madonna, such as the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, and the infancy of Christ. Fully to understand these mosaics, however, you ought to read up beforehand the excellent account of them in the first volume of Kugler's *Italian Schools of Painting* (Layard's edition), and also the scattered notices of the Council of Ephesus in Mrs. Jameson's admirable *Legends of the Madonna*.

In the twelfth century, once more, when the cult of the Blessed Virgin began to receive a fresh impetus in Western Europe, during the religious fervour of the Crusades, the church was *remodelled* in the mediæval style. On the façade of this renovated building, the thirteenth-century artists, later on, inserted a set of beautiful mosaics, now re-

moved to the *loggia* above, from which (till recent events) the Pope on the festival of the Assumption (August 15) used to pronounce his benediction from this church of Our Lady the Mother of God, *urbi et orbi*. These mosaics represent Our Lady at the right hand of Christ, accompanied by the chief apostles, with John the Baptist; below are shown the visions of Pope Liberius and the Patrician John, and their tracing of the site on the newly fallen snow. In the apse of the tribune again, are still finer thirteenth-century mosaics by Jacopo Turrìti, including the beautiful and famous Coronation of the Virgin which is engraved both in Kugler and in Mrs. Jameson. There is nothing lovelier in the art of the transitional period.

Later on, once more, the church underwent still further changes. When Gregory XI., yielding to the solicitations of St. Catherine of Siena, succeeded in bringing back the Papacy from its "seventy years of Babylonish captivity" at Avignon to Rome, he built (or rather heightened), in gratitude to Our Lady for his restoration to the seat of St. Peter, the great western *campanile* of Sancta Maria Maggiore, now the highest tower in the city. In the fifteenth century, again, the building was deprived of its mediæval picturesqueness, and reduced to Renaissance straightness and uniformity.

Of the two large dome-covered side-chapels, the Sistine was added by Pope Sixtus V. in 1586, and the Borghese opposite it by Pope Paul V. in 1611. The last-named oratory is covered throughout with frescoes of the decadence, uninteresting indeed as works of art, but containing a singular and doctrinally valuable Glorification of the Blessed Virgin, and of all those saints who have specially furthered her honour — such as St. John of Damascus and St. Ildefonso miraculously rewarded for writing in defence of her cult — as well as representations of the discomfiture of heretics or schismatics who opposed her glory — the miserable deaths of Julian the Apostate, of Leo IV., who destroyed her images, and of Constantine IV., another famous iconoclast. Last of all, Clement X. remodelled the exterior of the tribune, and Benedict XIV. employed Ferdinando Fuga to erect the existing ugly and vulgar façade, which no doubt deters many hasty visitors from even exploring the beautiful interior.

From first to last, then, Santa Maria Maggiore, of which I have here given but a most generalised account, must be accepted as *a historical monument of the growth of Mariolatry*, and a gauge of the point that cult had reached in each generation. Whoever visits such a church ought to have read up beforehand its architecture and its annals as

thoroughly as he is able, and ought then to follow up these clues intelligently and carefully, by identifying each stage in this strange eventful history.

Rome is full of such deposits of *stratified art* — lying layer above layer, and only to be deciphered by care and observation. That is why you should visit Rome last, and read it by the light of what you have learned elsewhere.

I desist at last. For Rome is endless. If I follow its example, I may possibly weary you.

CHAPTER XVII

AFTER ROME

AND now that I have once steered you safely to Rome, and seen you fairly through it, I don't much care what you do with yourself afterward. By this time, I hope and even venture to believe, you are capable of taking care of yourself; you have *learned a method*. It is the method alone that I have been anxious all along to impress upon you. Once you have acquired it, you can be trusted to walk alone; wherever you go and whatever you see, you will at least know *how* to see it.

Nevertheless, I will offer here a few much more cursory suggestions for your further touring.

Naturally, after Rome, you will go on to *Naples*. And the interest of Naples is almost all antique; so that on our general principle of retrogressing slowly from the known to the unknown, it ought to come in precisely at this period. Geography here assists my principles. The best time to see Naples, too, is perhaps just when cold begins to

drive you southward from Rome. You will then find Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri, and other beauty-spots in the neighbourhood of Naples extremely pleasant places to visit. The objects of interest in the Naples district are mainly the bay and Vesuvius — nature; or, in human handiwork, *Pompeii* and the remains from *Pompeii* in the Naples Museum. The town itself is naught, indeed, save for that saving Museum; it is merely the point of departure for visiting *Pompeii*, *Pæstum*, *Pozzuoli*, *Baiæ*, and the *Capo Miseno*. You cannot go far wrong in seeing any of these; while at *Ravello* and other mountain towns about you will find interesting relics of the early Romanesque period, which will afford a pleasing relief from the pure classicism of the district as a whole. Undoubtedly, however, the things to see at Naples are the *marble and bronze sculpture* and the *antique frescoes*. To these especially I advise you to devote yourself.

From Naples, it is easy to run across to Palermo, and see *Sicily*. *Palermo* itself, and *Monreale*, have transitional mosaics of the Norman period of the deepest interest; elsewhere the great attraction of *Sicily* is its splendid series of *Greek temples*, which carry us back to the beginnings of classical sculpture and architecture. I will not map out a route. You will find your way for yourself, I doubt not,

to *Selinunto, Girgenti, Syracuse, Catania, Taormina, Messina.*

These are trips for the winter months, say from November to March or April. In spring, you may go north again, spending a short time to compare notes and mark progress in Rome and Florence. You will discover, after Naples and Sicily, that many things in Rome take a fresh meaning for you. On your return, I would advise you to look especially at Ancient Rome, by the light thrown on it from Pompeii and the Sicilian temples.

The way northward in the later spring might well be by *Verona, the Brenner, Meran* (or the *Dolomites*, if you prefer it), and so to *Innsbruck*. Here you might fairly start your consideration of German art, other than Rhenish. From *Innsbruck*, continue to *Munich*, or else diverge to the *Salzkammergut*. Of course, endless picturesque objects and places stud all this subalpine country; but you cannot see all, and my advice to you is: stick to what is most important. "But that," you will say, "is exactly the opposite advice from the counsel you gave us in the Roman galleries!" Not quite. I meant in that case, do not confine your attention to the most praised objects, because, in the first place, they cannot be understood in isolation, and, in the second place, they have not

always been wisely selected. I mean here, on the other hand, *do* confine your attention to what will teach you most; it is as beautiful as the other, and much more lastingly valuable. By turning aside to visit some "charming picturesque old German town" which some friend has discovered, you may waste a day which might better have been devoted to Orvieto or Perugia, to Assisi or Pavia.

Munich is a delightful town in its way, with a purely artificial modern quarter, and a nucleus of old Bavarian architecture worth all the rest put together. Its main interest, however, is modern and museumish. It depends upon its collections. Of these there are four. The *Old Pictures* include several good examples of the Rhenish School, which you will now realise in its parental relations with Venice; besides several excellent Flemings (Memling, Van der Weyden, Gerard David, Quentin Matsys); and also a fine collection of the more native Swabian and Franconian School, (Wohlgemuth, Holbein, and Durer, the last-named of whom will here first become really known to you.) The Italians are likewise well represented; and you will be glad that you have visited Italy before being turned loose upon this heterogeneous scratch lot of Raphaels, Peruginos, Palma Vecchios, and Titians. You will also find some charming

Rubenses; I use the adjective advisedly, for here, and only here, Rubens is sometimes positively charming. The *New Pinakothek* will not detain you long; but the *Glyptothek*, with the Æginetan sculptures, will delight and attract you. If you have been in Sicily, these archaic Greek sculptures will compare interestingly with those of Selinunto; and if you have *not* been there, you will be introduced for the first time to a deliciously naïve and captivating moment in the evolution of plastic art. The other great collection, far less important, is that of the Decorative Arts.

Munich as a whole is thus emphatically a place to see *after* you have seen the birthplaces of the various arts it now hospitably houses. In itself, it is merely a clean and well-built South German capital.

After Munich, *Nuremberg*. Here you touch ground for Germany outside the Rhineland; for Nuremberg was the centre of trade in mediæval and Renaissance Europe between North and South Germany. It is still highly picturesque, though of late much spoiled by factories; and as the home of Albert Durer it deserves a visit. But a couple of days may suffice — judging at least by an Italian standard. I will add, too, that after seeing Italy you will be able to see more elsewhere in a shorter

time; you have learned the alphabet, and can now read straight off almost at sight what before you had to spell out with time and toil from painful hieroglyphics.

Unless *Prague* beckons you off the line (and I do not recommend it) you may go direct from Nuremberg to *Dresden*. Even more than Munich, the Saxon capital is a town of collections. You ought to see it; but you can see it easily. I am writing, of course, still from the point of view of the general tourist. You may happen to be musical; and in that case Dresden will naturally attract you for a longer stay; just as you will also desire to go to Bayreuth, if you are in Europe during the festival. These things lie outside my beat; and the musical will know where to go for information. Taken as a town to see, you can see Dresden on the strength of what you have already learnt in Italy. I may add that Guides to Munich and Dresden will in time be added to my Historical Series.

Mention of Bayreuth makes me think of the *Oberammergau Passion Play*. About all such functions, from Holy Week at Rome (now practically obsolete) down to Royal Jubilees and Coronations, my advice would be, stay severely away from them. They waste time, and they are not so important

as the permanent sights of Europe. There are people who will go to Venice, I know, to see a Universal Exhibition. They will not go for Bellini, Titian, Tintoret, but they will go for biscuits, sewing machines, type-writers, and apple-parers. I do not write for these. Why should I? They know what they like, and need no man's counsel.

Berlin I regard as a needless luxury.

After Germany, what? Well, if you take my advice, *go home to America*, and chew the cud of contemplation. Think it all over. You can "do Spain," of course, if you are so minded; but I strongly dissuade you. Indeed, I think the tour here sketched out, even if extended over six months or a year, is quite as much as any healthy human brain is capable at one time of even partially assimilating. To say the truth, it must result in mental indigestion. I would never recommend a European to see so much on end. It is more than he can correlate. But I allow that the interposition of the Atlantic does make a certain difference; once here, the American naturally wants to get his money's worth, and to be repaid for his seven days of speechless misery. Therefore I will allow that he may perhaps do the Grand Tour — England, Paris, Belgium, the Rhine,

Italy, Germany — all at one fell swoop ; provided always he does not absolutely bolt it. I have tried to discourage bolting. I have put you in the way of seeing Europe instead of rushing through it. You will spoil all if, after all my pains, you attempt to add Spain, Egypt, Algeria, the Holy Land, Constantinople.

Go home, then, quietly, and *ruminare*. Let what you have seen sink in and change you. Read as much as you like ; read, read, by all means : don't think Europe has sunk to the bottom of the sea because you no longer behold it. It is there, seething, throbbing, palpitating as ever. Continue your studies in books, and form clear ideas of what you want to see *next time you come over*. Then, perhaps, you may add to your trophies Spain and the morning-lands of Islam. But if this book has succeeded in its purpose, I think it much more likely your reading meanwhile will suggest to you that you have not seen half enough yet of France, of Belgium, above all, of Italy. I linger ever on that loved name *Italy* ! You will return to Europe, when chance favours, determined to look up a Della Robbia here, a Romanesque fresco there ; you will regret that you missed the shrine of St. Augustine, or failed to observe the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus. Even if you extend your

visit that second time to Cairo, say, and Luxor you will first turn out of your way to visit some church in Provence or some picture at Spello of which you have read meanwhile ; you will want to see a sculptured stone in the Scotch Highlands, or to re-examine a half-defaced fresco from Pompeii at Naples. You will have learned what interests you ; and when at last you reach mouldering Cairo, you will desire to see, not merely the Pyramids and the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, but some old brown-faced Madonna at the Coptic church of Abu Sirgeh, or some black image of Pasht at the Ghizeh Museum. If you have reached that point, then Europe indeed has told you its story, — a story that relatively few among its own toiling millions either know or care about, but that to us of the new world comes back to-day with a strange mingled sense of antiquity and novelty.

So here I leave you, by the steps of the Dresden Museum, with the glow of the Sistine Madonna still shed upon your face. Or leave you, save for a few apologetic remarks, which I shall more conveniently relegate to a parting chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

AND now, at the very end, I am going to answer a few criticisms which I know have been at the tip of your tongue ever since you got past my first three or four chapters. "Why is this man so dead set on instructing us?" you ask. "Why can't he allow us now and again to amuse ourselves? Are we always to be trotting about, looking close at the shapes of haloes and the traces of Mantegna's influence on Bellini? May n't we sometimes go to a park or a theatre? May n't we sometimes have a day off, — a Saturday half-holiday, like Bunthorne in *Patience*? Must we never relax sufficiently to indulge in a glass of Bavarian beer and a cigarette at a *café*? Ay, marry, may you! My dear sir or madam, you can certainly do all these things and welcome. I do them myself, — all save the Bavarian beer, which does n't agree with me, and the cigarette, which produces unpleasant internal symptoms. I prefer a glass of Brauneberger or of good old Malvasia.

But you will admit, it does not need a special guide to tell you about these things. I do not feel called upon to recommend you the particular restaurant in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele at Milan which sells the best rum punch in small china tea-cups, so innocent-looking that you can drink it before the very face of a teetotal archdeacon. I am not eager to point out to you the shop in the Montagne de la Cour at Brussels where you can have afternoon tea with fresh strawberry tartlets which remind one at once of Jan van Eyck and Paradise. It is not my function to describe the Paris music-halls, or to show you the way to the doubtfully joyous *cafés chantants* of Montmartre. All these things, good, bad, or indifferent, those who desire them can find out for themselves. The detail of life requires no cicerone.

My task has been rather to suggest you a point of view of Europe as a whole which will give you in the end even more solid pleasure than the strawberry tartlets, excellent as they are. I do not despise strawberries ; on the contrary, I will engage to eat as many as you care to pay for. I have not said a word in this book about the green *huîtres de Marenne* at Nice, nor about the Marseillais way of dressing *bouillabaisse*. I did not feel called upon to do so. But don't imagine on that account I think

the honest tourist must never think of anything but Madonnas. Several admirable and noteworthy things in Europe are more recent than the Crusades. My plan does not include them,—that is all; and you can find out everything you need to know about them without my telling you.

Let me give a more serious parallel. Personally, I happen to be an enthusiastic botanist. Wherever I find myself in Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, Algeria, my attention is almost equally divided between man's handicraft or arts and the local flora. Yet I have not said a word here about the orchids of the Apennines, nor about the gentians and globe-flowers of the alpine springtide. Why? Because most American travellers are not botanists. Those who are not, can see for themselves that the anemones on the Riviera are scarlet and purple, that the narcissus covers the ground with cloth of gold; those who are, will know that the way to learn about all these exquisite creatures, if they have time to learn about them, is to buy a local Flora. As a rule, tourists have *not* time for these things; and I think they are right. If one spends one's life in Europe, one can manage to intercalate the ferns and buttercups among the churches and museums; to each its season. But if one comes from America for a trip of a few

months, unless the interest in science is very strong, it is not worth while spending time on scientific studies which can be almost equally well pursued in America. Take from Europe what is most peculiarly its own. Nature is everywhere; Fra Angelico and Donatello are only in Florence.

On this account, in my Historical Guides, I do not usually mention fauna, flora, geology, or aspect of country; nor do I mention natural-history museums, botanical and zoölogical gardens, public libraries, or other objects, however important, which are not historically or artistically interesting. My design is to lead the tourist who visits a town for the general education and pleasure it can afford to learn something about its growth, its arts, its buildings, its history. The innumerable other sources of human interest it contains I leave on one side, not because they do not interest me, nor again because I expect them not to interest others, but because they are alien to the purpose and scope of these particular handbooks. I conceive that I have something to tell you which you cannot so conveniently and compendiously obtain elsewhere; and if I am right in that conception, I have justified my existence. For all else, you will go to Baedeker or Murray.

Finally, a word as to books to read, from this

special point of view of culture. If possible, I recommend you to take with you on the sea voyage Layard's edition of Kugler's *Italian Schools of Painting*, Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, and Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, and to read them in the intervals of more painful experience. These should be your constant companions throughout Europe; they will help to unravel more of its secret than any other books you can easily carry. For special places, consult the list of local authorities I give in my separate Guides. Do not read diffuse and wordy books; confine yourself to works of solid information, whose statements bear directly upon the buildings, cities, pictures, or statues you are actually engaged in observing.

And so — good-bye! Enjoy your Europe!